

NOVEMBER No. 58

10c

QUALITY  
SERVED  
PROMPTLY

# BLACKHAWK

THE AIR RAID OF TERROR  
KING COBRA ATTACKS





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BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK

EVERYWHERE PILOTS MET THEY SPOKE IN HUSHED TONES OF A DREAD RED AIR ACE WHO CALLED HIMSELF... **KING COBRA!** UNDISPUTED KING OF THE AIR, HE STRUCK LIKE A SNAKE, BRINGING FEAR AND SUDDEN DEATH! UNTIL, AS IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN, **BLACKHAWK** HIMSELF CHALLENGED THE RED ACE! BUT, THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED ... SOMETHING SO ASTONISHING, SO UNUSUAL, THAT EVEN **BLACKHAWK'S** OWN MEN SAW WITH HORROR THAT THEIR BELOVED LEADER WAS **DEFEATED BY...**

## KING COBRA!





IN THE DEMOCRACY OF GREGONIA, THE FAMED BLACKHAWKS ATTEND AN EMERGENCY COUNCIL MEETING...

GENTLEMEN, WE'RE ALL HERE BECAUSE OF SECRET INFORMATION OF A POSSIBLE SNEAK ATTACK BY THE FREE-LANCE RED AIR ACE WHO CALLS HIMSELF **KING COBRA!**



"HE STRIKES LIKE A SNAKE, WITHOUT WARNING, DEMORALIZING CIVILIAN RESISTANCE, PAVING THE WAY FOR A RED REVOLUTION!"



ONWARD, COMRADES! WE SHALL BRING THE GLORY OF COMMUNISM TO INDO-CHINA!



"AS A SKY FIGHTER, KING COBRA IS ABSOLUTE POISON! NO PILOT HAS EVER LIVED AFTER CHALLENGING KING COBRA!"

**KING COBRA STRIKES!**



BUT HERE'S THE PUZZLER! KING COBRA'S JETS ONLY CARRY THE NORMAL FUEL SUPPLY FOR SHORT RAIDS BUT WE'VE NEVER FOUND THEIR AIR BASE!



PERHAPS THEY COME FROM AIR-PLANE CARRIERS, BLACKHAWK?

WE'VE CHECKED, BUT NEVER FOUND ANY! THE KING COBRA SQUADRON MUST HAVE COME FROM A FARAWAY PLACE, BUT THE QUESTION IS... HOW CAN THEY TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES WITH A SHORT FUEL SUPPLY?



**SUDDENLY...**

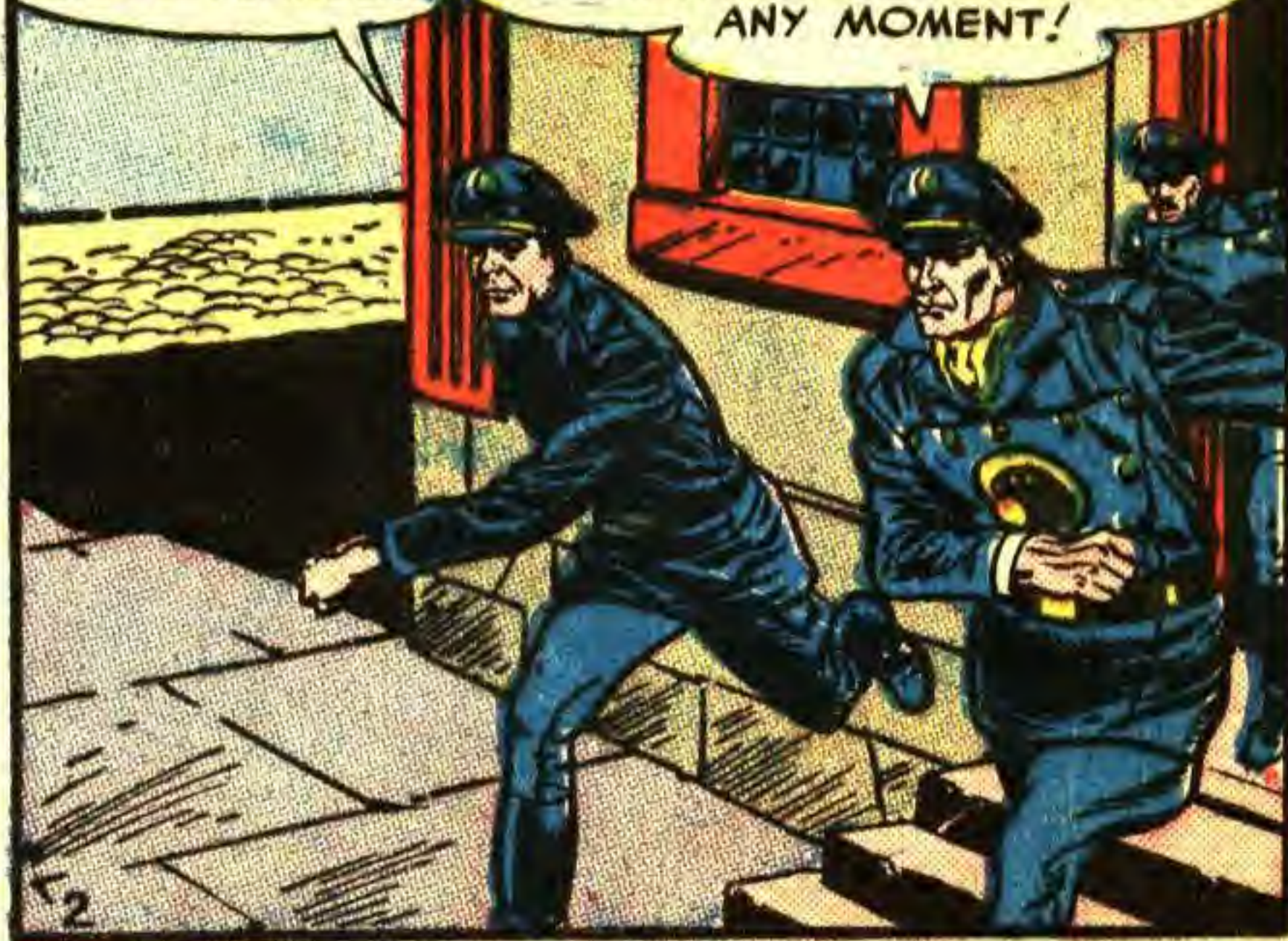
LOOK! A SQUADRON OF PLANES!

MON DIEU! REGARD ZE INSIGNIA ON ZE JET FIGHTER SPEARHEADING ZE DRIVE! IT IS **KING COBRA!**



LET'S GET TO OUR JETS AND KNOCK OUT THOSE PLANES!

NO TIME FOR THAT! REMEMBER KING COBRA'S TECHNIQUE! THIS MEANS THE REBELS WILL BE STARTING A REVOLUTION ANY MOMENT!



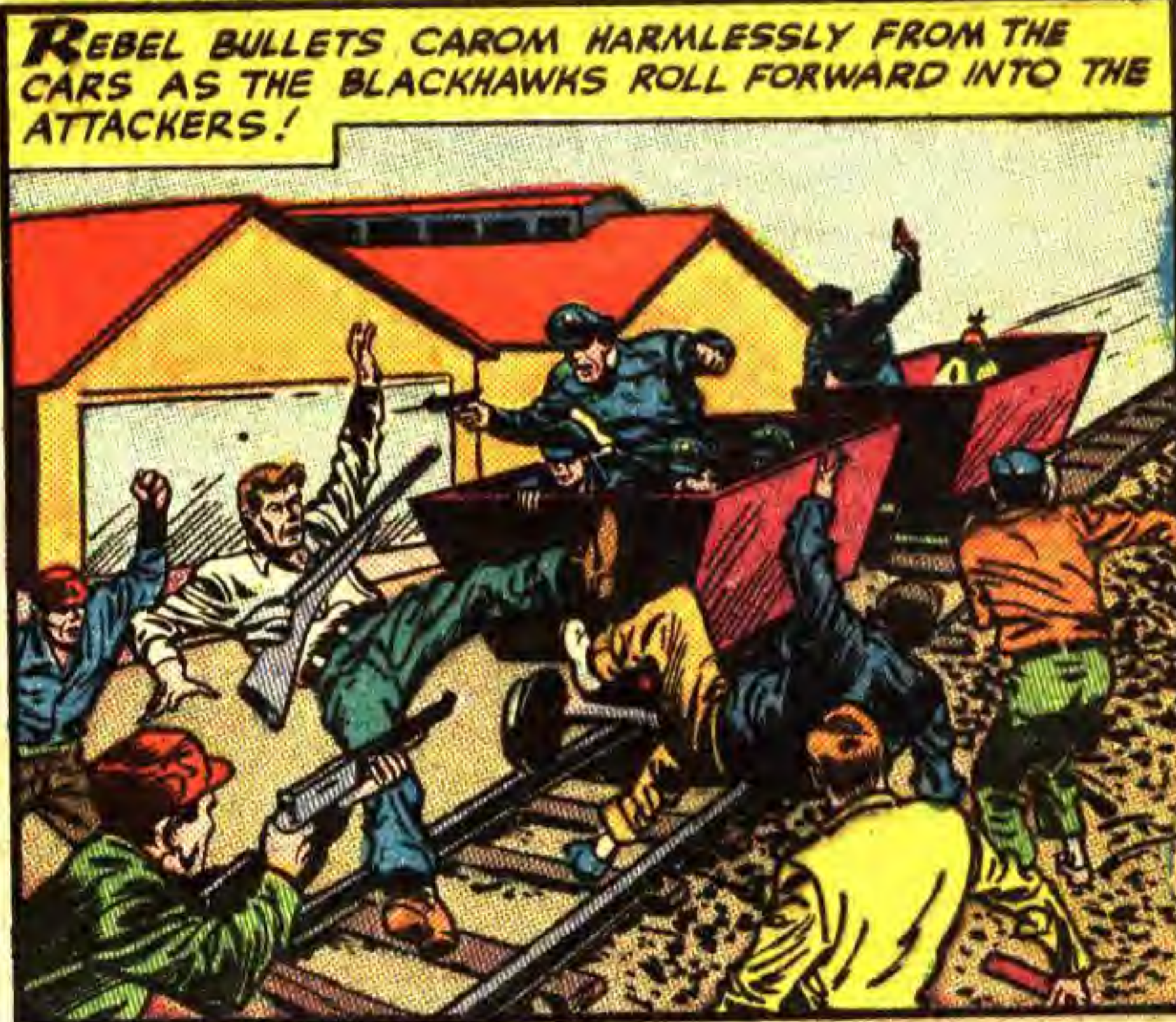


# BLACKHAWK

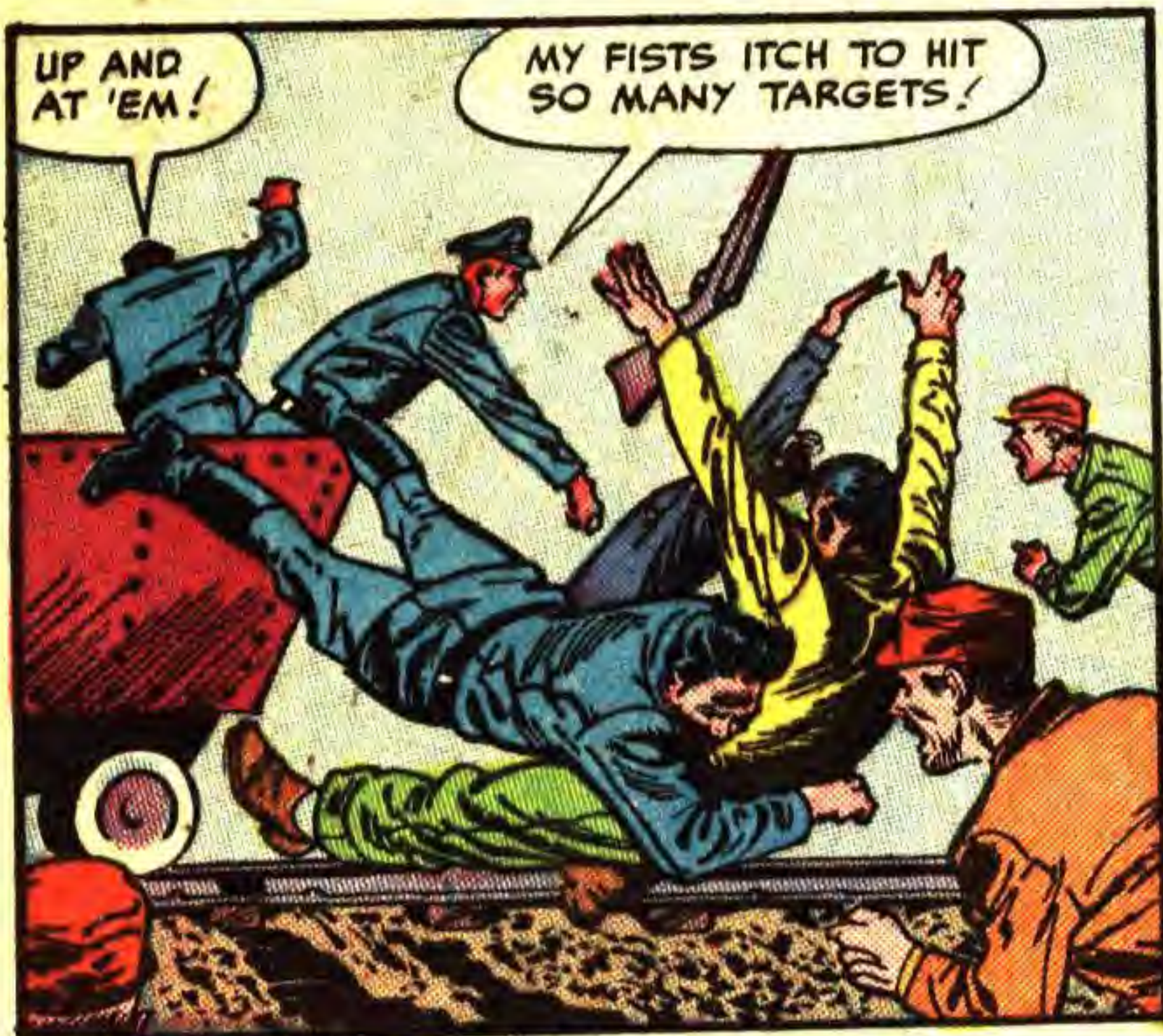


YOU ARE RIGHT, BLACKHAWK! HERE COME DER REBELS... ATTACKING FROM DER STEEL MILL!

LET'S CUT 'EM OFF! THESE EMPTY PIG IRON CARS WILL MAKE PERFECT TANKS! HOP IN, MEN!



REBEL BULLETS CAROM HARMLESSLY FROM THE CARS AS THE BLACKHAWKS ROLL FORWARD INTO THE ATTACKERS!



UP AND AT 'EM!

MY FISTS ITCH TO HIT SO MANY TARGETS!



CHOP CHOP GOT PRETTY GOOD SWING! MAYBE TLY OUT WITH BLOOKLYN DODGERS SOON!

PY YIMINY! VE HAMMER THESE HAMMER-AND-SICKLE BOYS UNTIL DEY LOOK SICK!



THEY'RE GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT, HENDRICKSON... SO GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

DONNER-WETTER!



SOON AFTER, THE REBELS BREAK BEFORE THE SMASHING BLACKHAWK ATTACK! THEN BLACKHAWK IS AWARE OF SOMETHING...

WHERE'S CHUCK? HE WASN'T WITH US IN THIS FREE-FOR-ALL!

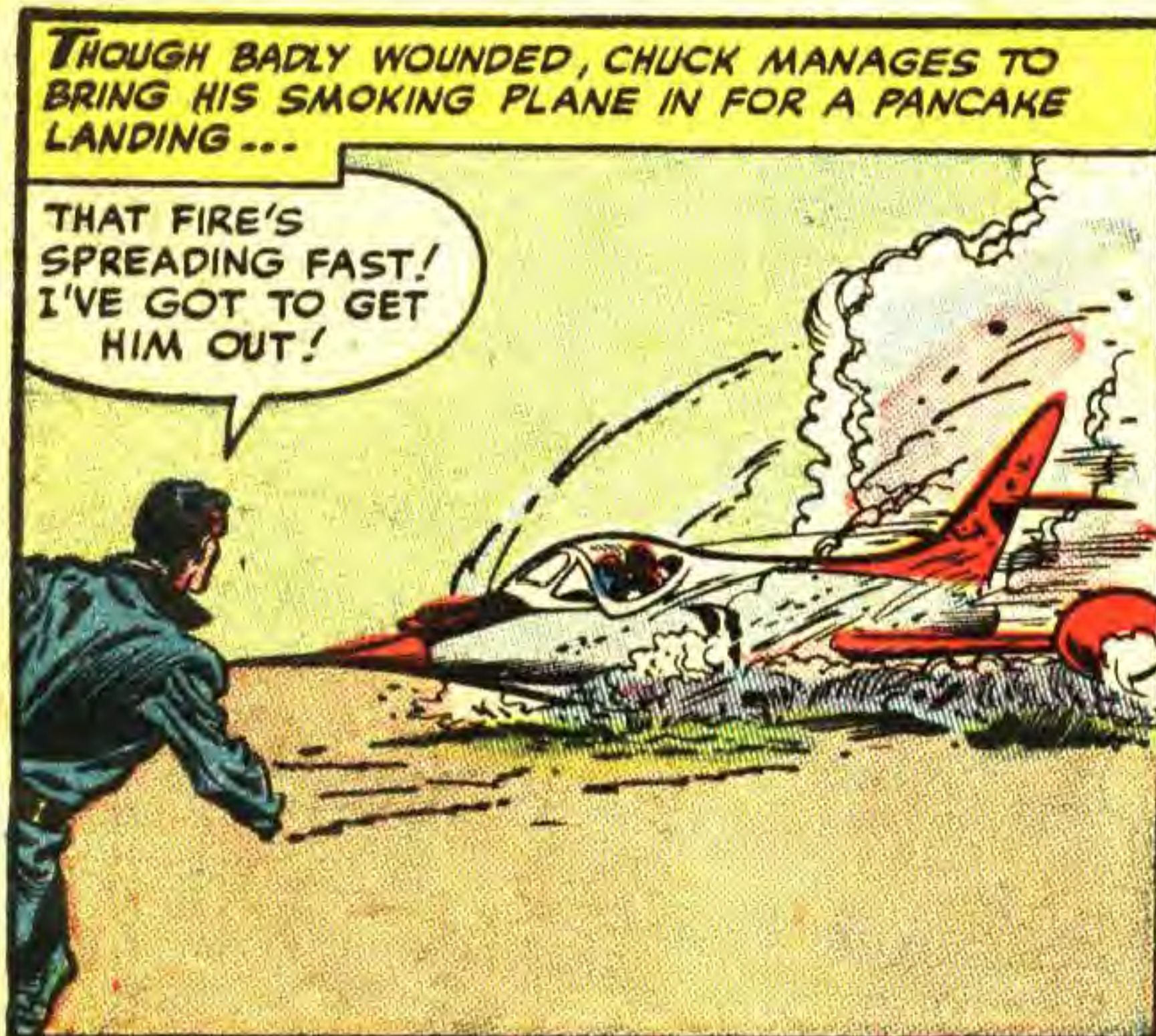
LOOK UP THERE!



IT'S CHUCK! THAT CRAZY GUY LEFT US TO GO UP AFTER KING COBRA!

PARBLEU! CHUCK HAD BETTER BE MOST CAREFUL! THAT COBRA IS ONE DANGEROUS OPPONENT!





PLUNGING THROUGH THE SEARING FLAMES, BLACK-HAWK KNOWS THE RESCUE MUST BE AFFECTED IN SECONDS..

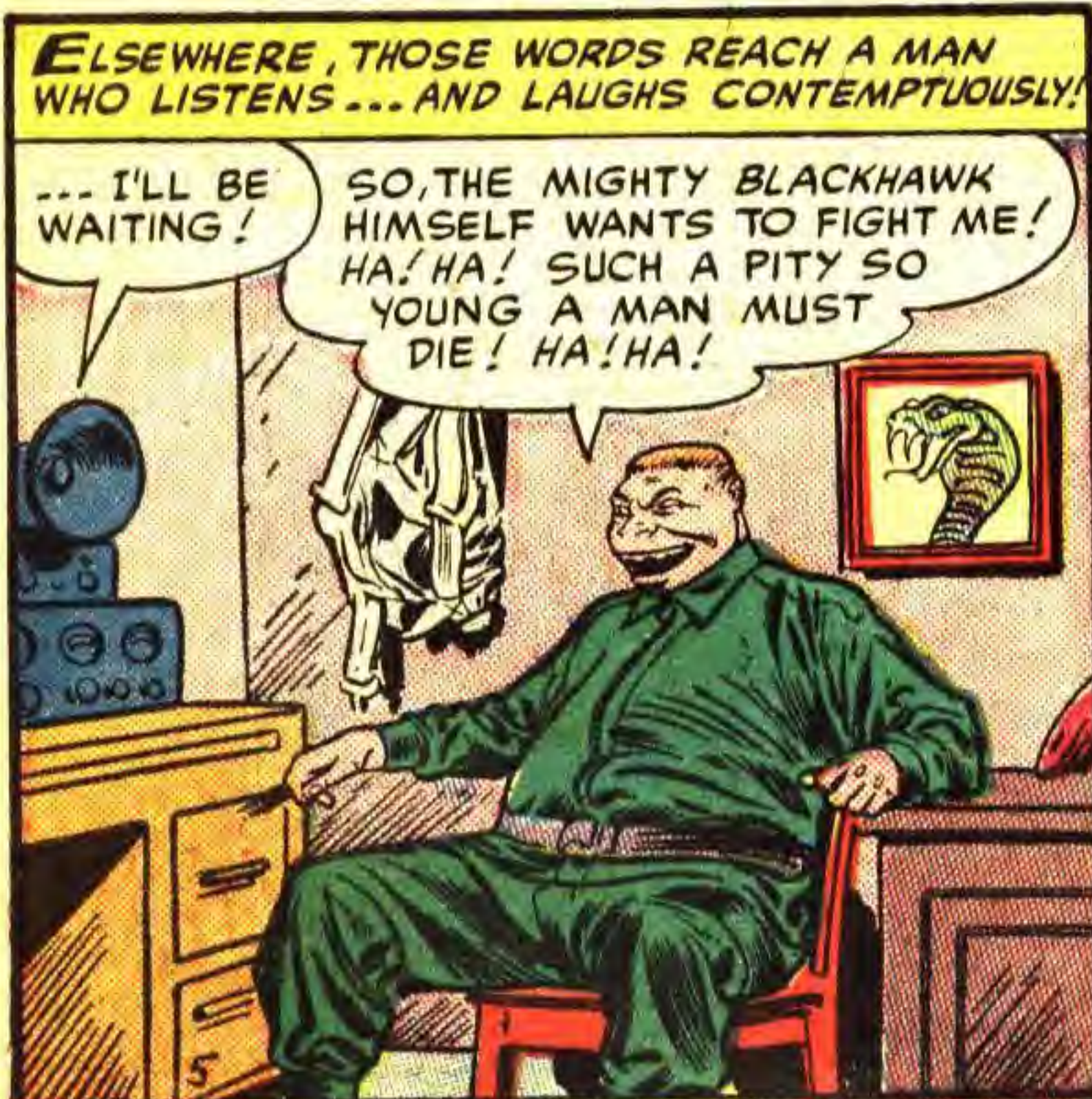




# BLACKHAWK



SOON AFTER, FIVE HANDS REACH OUT! THE WINNER MAY PERHAPS BE REALLY THE LOSER... FOR NONE CAN PREDICT THE OUTCOME OF AN AIR DUEL WITH KING COBRA!



HOURS PASS, AND TENSION MOUNTS AS THE IMPATIENT BLACKHAWK REST-LESSLY PATROLS THE SKY FOR KING COBRA'S REAP-PEARANCE!



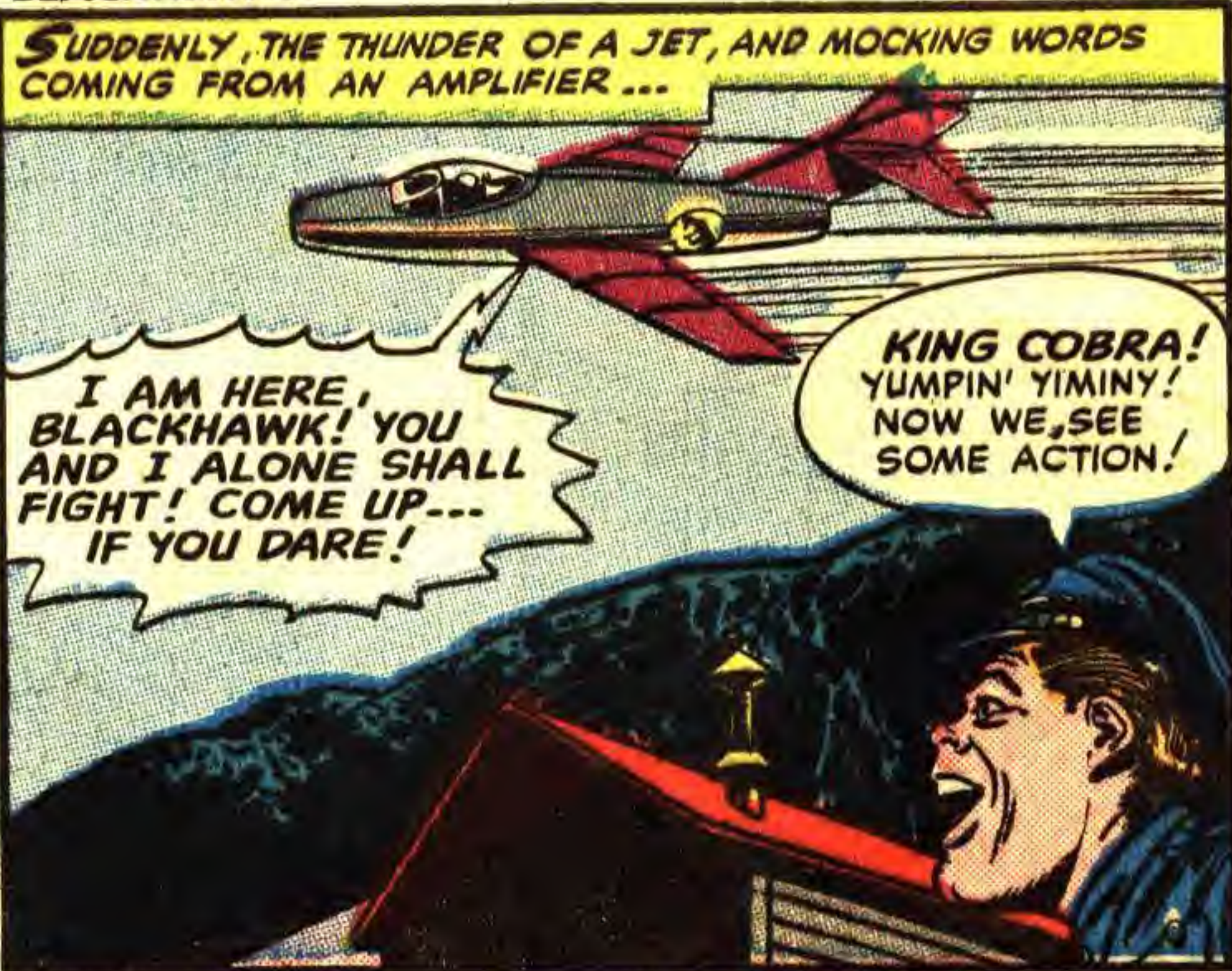


# BLACKHAWK



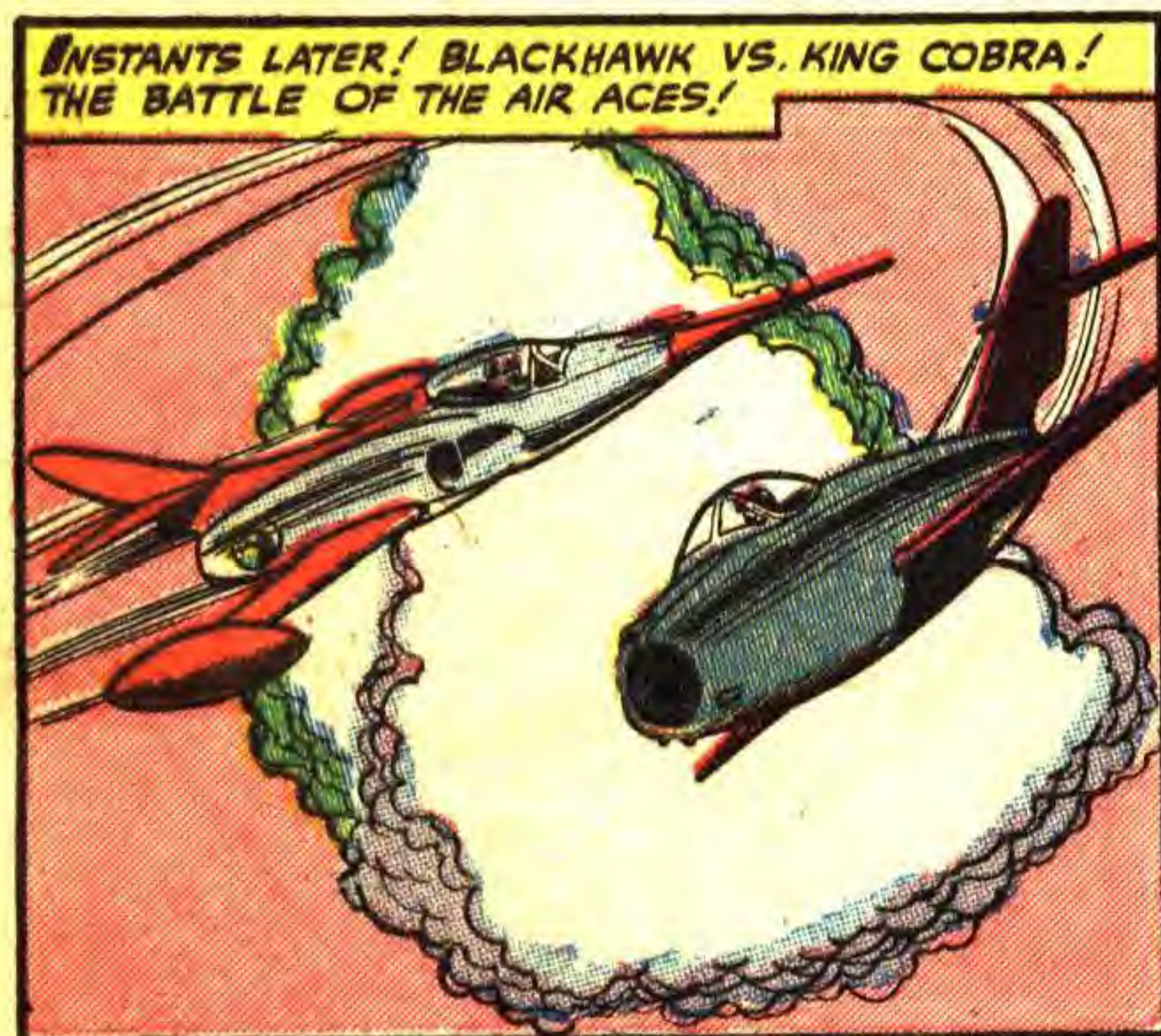
NOTICE HOW JUMPY BLACKHAWK'S BEEN? AND HE BROODS A LOT, TOO! IT'S ALMOST AS IF THIS FIGHT IS WORRYING HIM!

OUI! IT IS NOT LIKE HIM TO WORRY! IT IS MOST UN-HEALTHY!



I AM HERE, BLACKHAWK! YOU AND I ALONE SHALL FIGHT! COME UP... IF YOU DARE!

KING COBRA! YUMPIN' YIMINY! NOW WE SEE SOME ACTION!



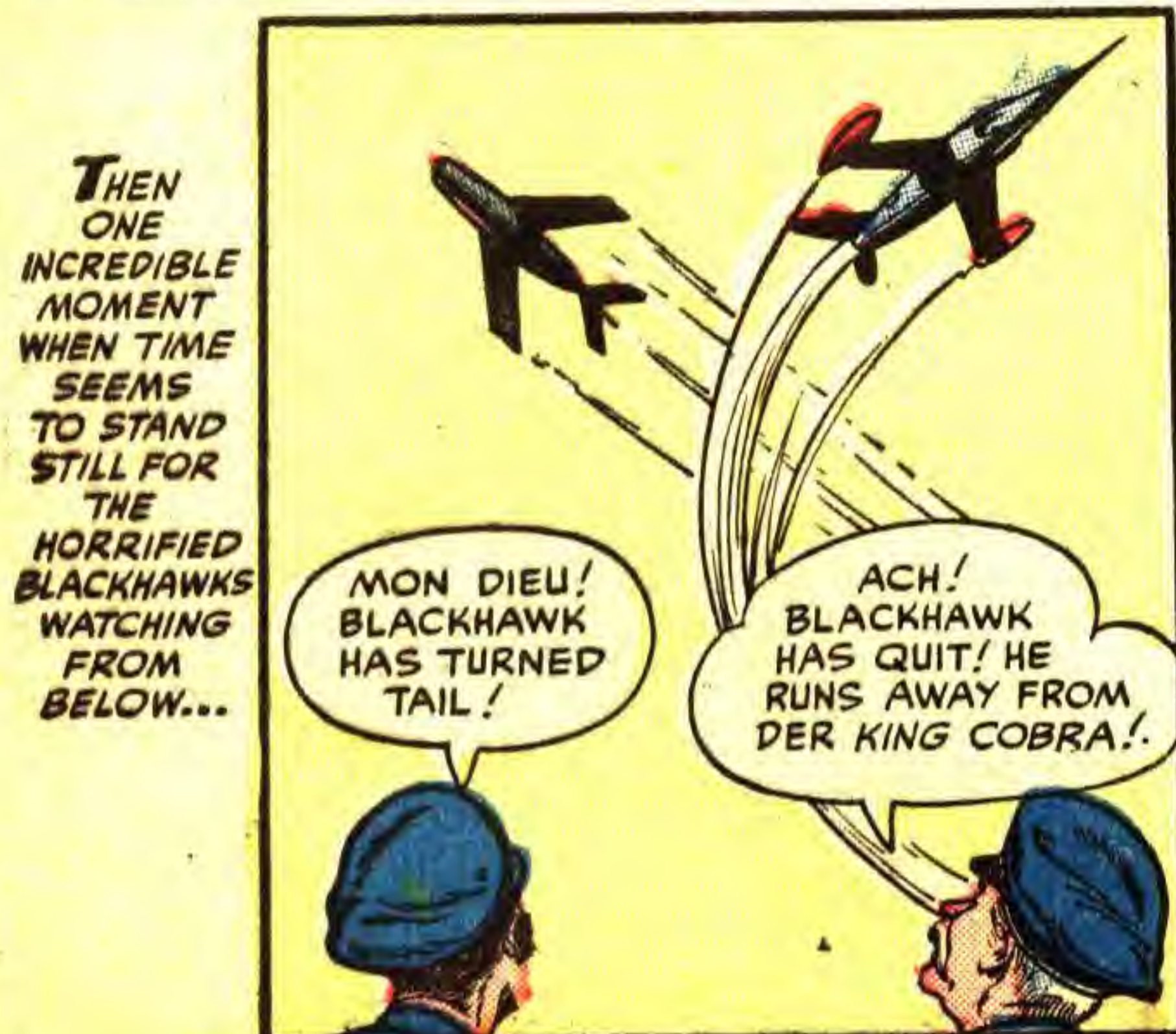
INSTANTS LATER! BLACKHAWK VS. KING COBRA! THE BATTLE OF THE AIR ACES!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? LOOK AT MY HANDS... THEY'RE TREMBLING! SUDDENLY I'VE DEVELOPED A HEAD-ACHE AGAIN! GREAT SCOTT! AM I REALLY AFRAID OF KING COBRA?



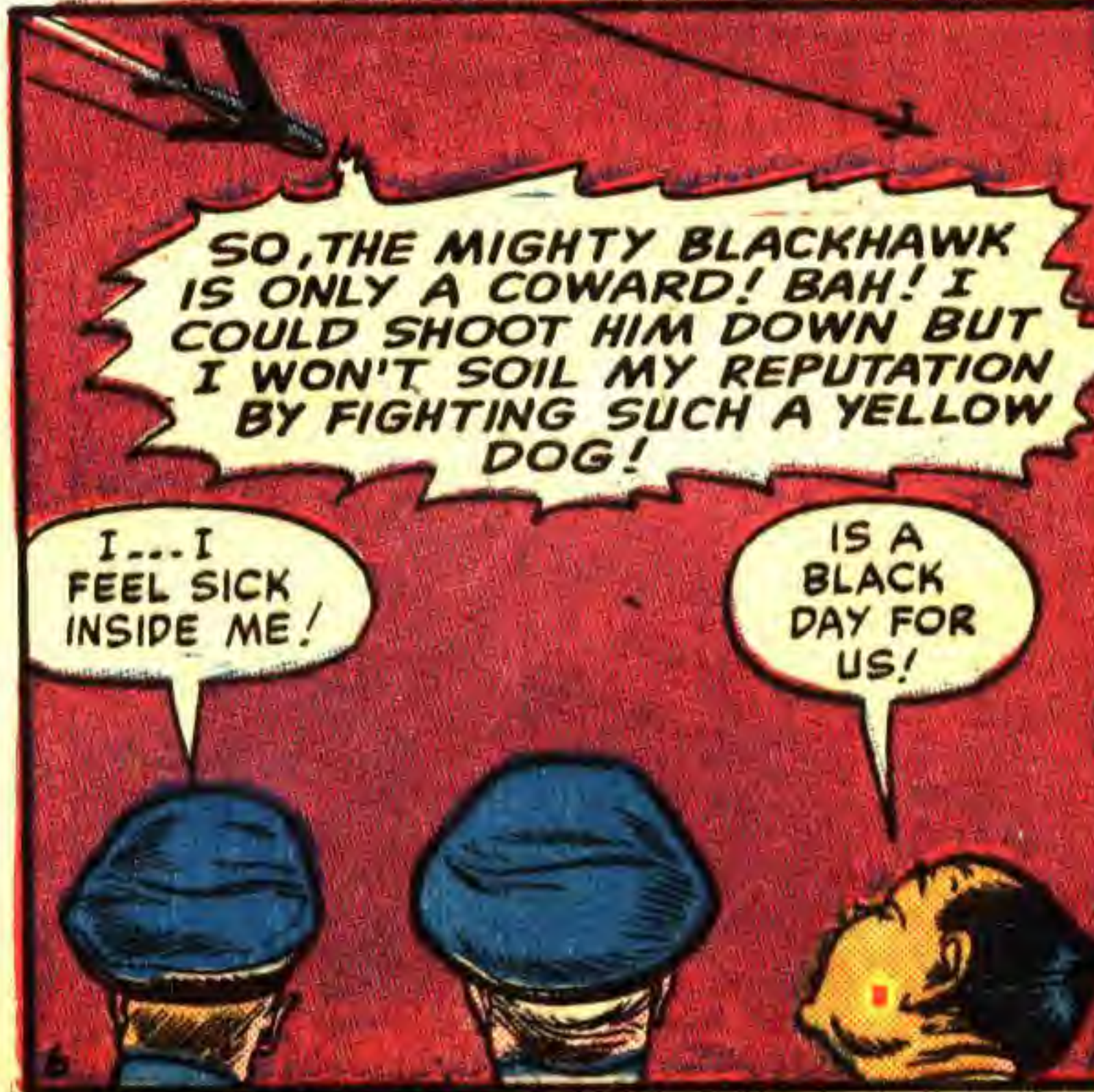
NOW MY VISION'S BLURRING! GETTING DIZZY... CAN'T PULL MYSELF TOGETHER! FEEL FAINT... GOT TO GET DOWN BEFORE I BLACK OUT!



THEN ONE INCREDIBLE MOMENT WHEN TIME SEEMS TO STAND STILL FOR THE HORRIFIED BLACKHAWKS WATCHING FROM BELOW...

MON DIEU! BLACKHAWK HAS TURNED TAIL!

ACH! BLACKHAWK HAS QUIT! HE RUNS AWAY FROM DER KING COBRA!



SO, THE MIGHTY BLACKHAWK IS ONLY A COWARD! BAH! I COULD SHOOT HIM DOWN BUT I WON'T SOIL MY REPUTATION BY FIGHTING SUCH A YELLOW DOG!

I... I FEEL SICK INSIDE ME!

IS A BLACK DAY FOR US!



# BLACKHAWK

**CURIOUS, THE RED ACE FOLLOWS BLACKHAWK'S PLANE UNTIL...**

HMM! HE'S LANDED! LOOK AT HIM! HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED OF ME HE'S ACTUALLY FAINTED!



**A MOMENT LATER...**

WHAT A BLOW TO THE DEMOCRACIES WHEN THEY LEARN THEIR GREAT "HERO" WAS CAPTURED ALIVE AFTER HE FAINTED OF FEAR!



**LATER, WORDS DRIFT TO BLACKHAWK AS HE SWIMS BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...**

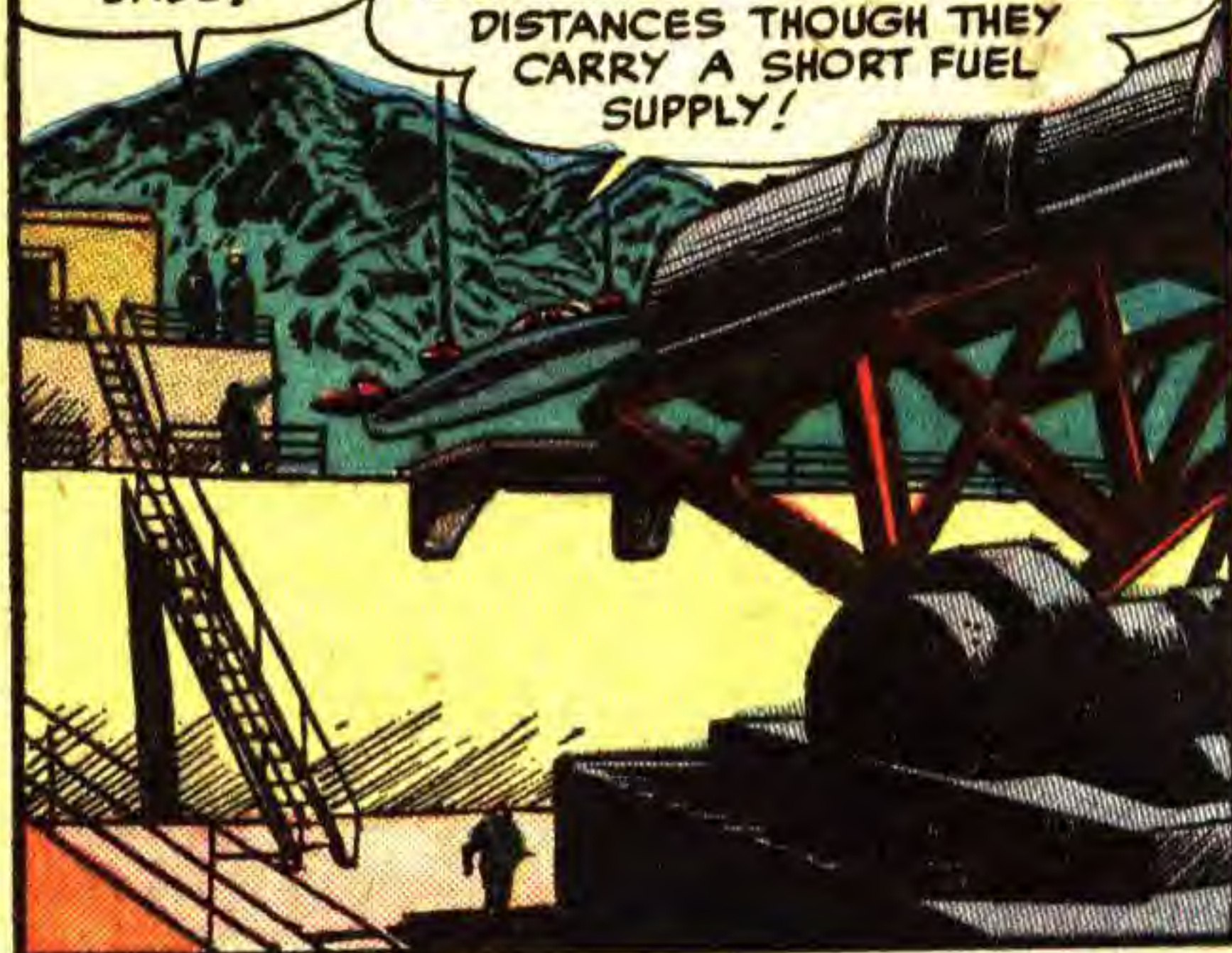
WE ARE READY TO STRIKE ONCE MORE AT GREGONIA, COMRADE!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR ME TO GO ALONG THIS TIME! GREGONIA IS SO WEAK YOU CAN CONQUER IT EASILY!



SO THIS IS YOUR SECRET BASE!

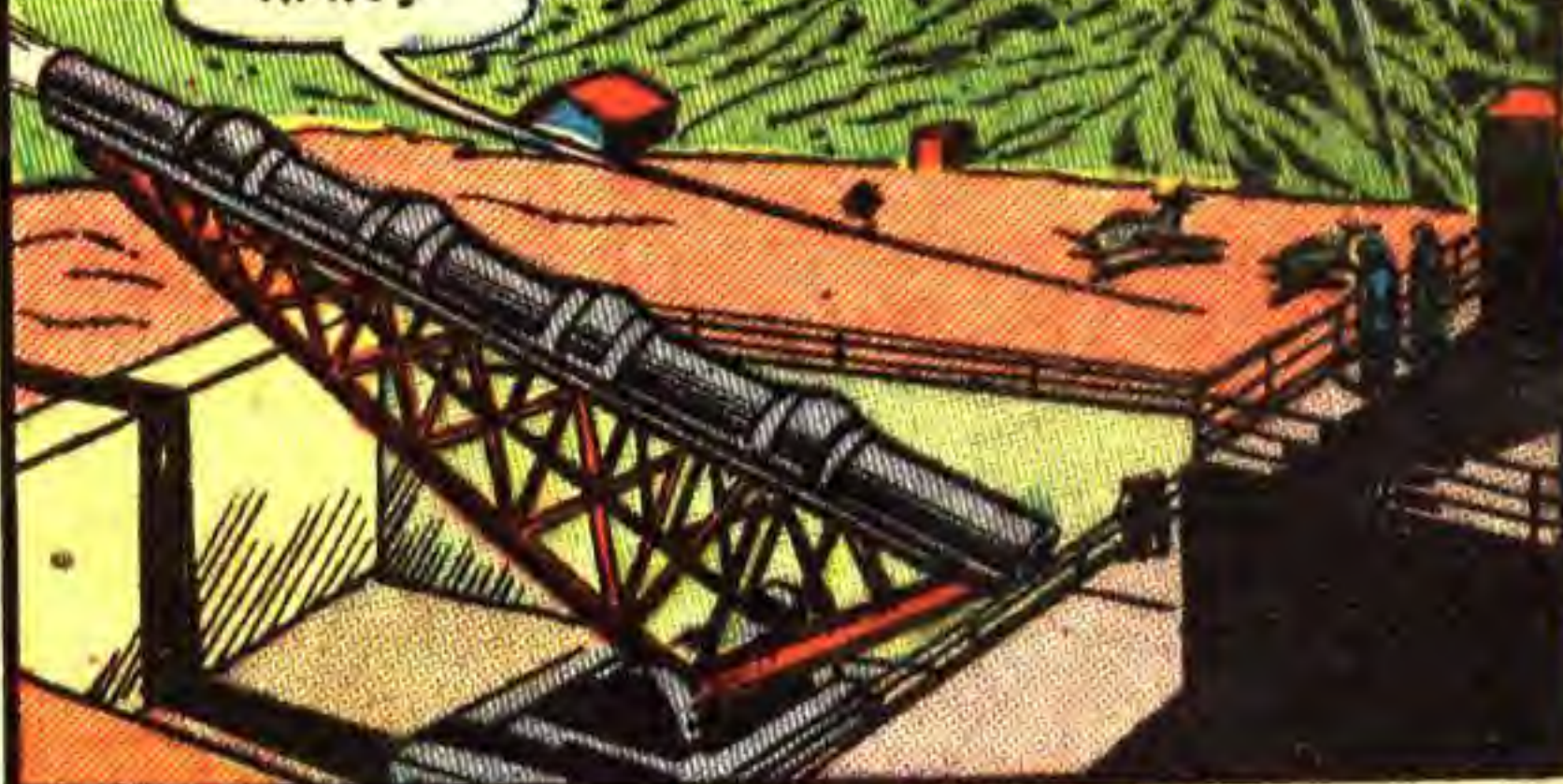
QUITE TRUE! NOW, BLACKHAWK... WATCH AND YOU WILL SEE HOW OUR PLANES CAN TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES THOUGH THEY CARRY A SHORT FUEL SUPPLY!



**SOON AFTER, BLACKHAWK IS STUNNED BY THE SIGHT OF JETS WITH RETRACTED WINGS, SHOT INTO THE AIR LIKE SHELLS!**

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE BEING SHOT FROM AN ELECTRIC CANNON! THE NAZIS HAD PLANS FOR JUST SUCH A GUN DURING THE LAST WAR!

TRUE! BUT WE HAVE ADAPTED IT FOR LAUNCHING PLANES!



FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, PLANES ARE SHOT THREE HUNDRED MILES OUT... WHERE ROBOT CONTROLS EXTEND THE WINGS AND START THE JET MOTOR... AND THEN IT IS BUT A SHORT HOP TO THE TARGET!

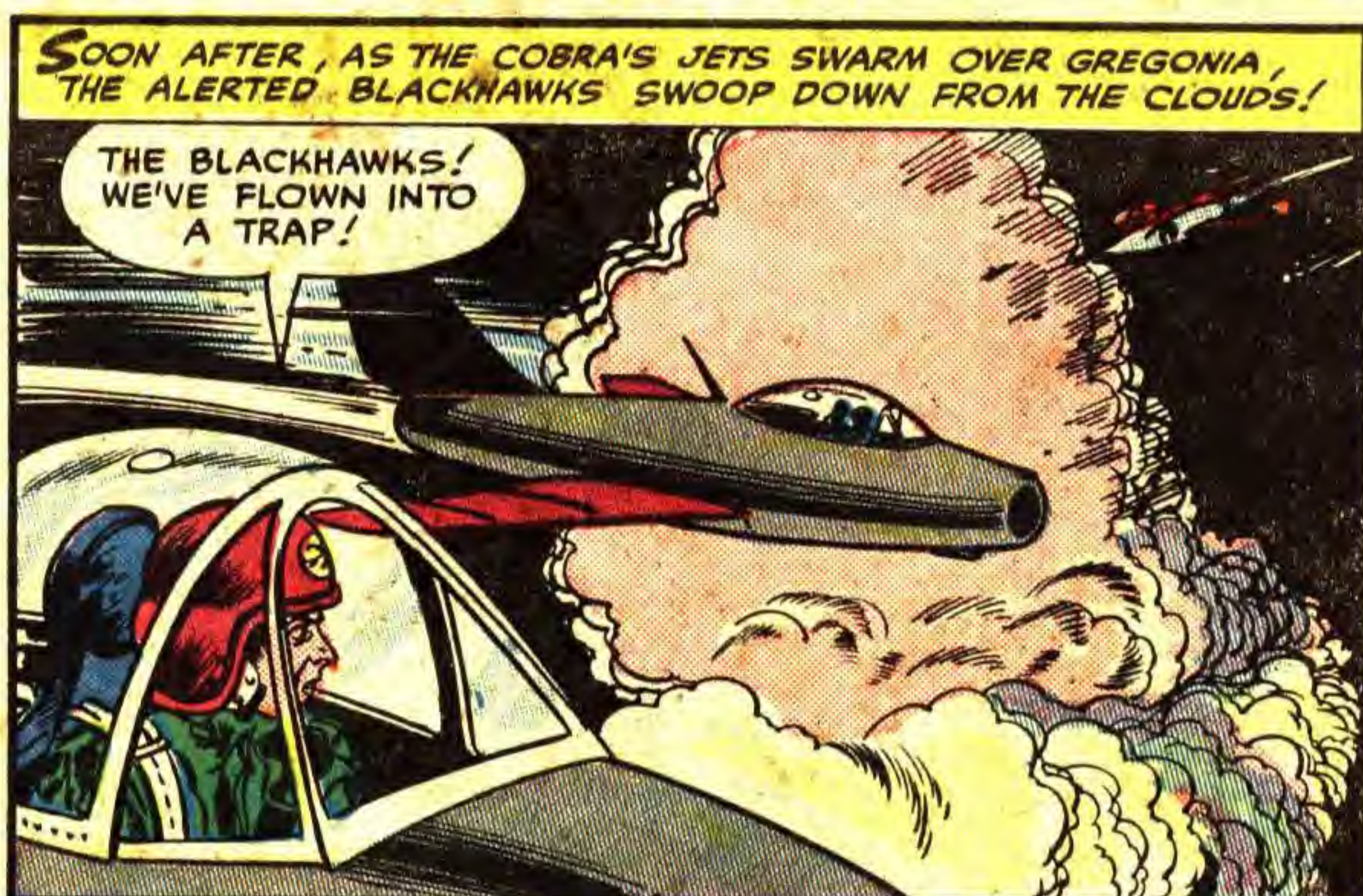


AND THAT LEAVES OUR PLANES WITH SUFFICIENT FUEL TO FLY THE LONG DISTANCE BACK TO THEIR BASE! CLEVER, EH?

DEVILISHLY CLEVER, COBRA!

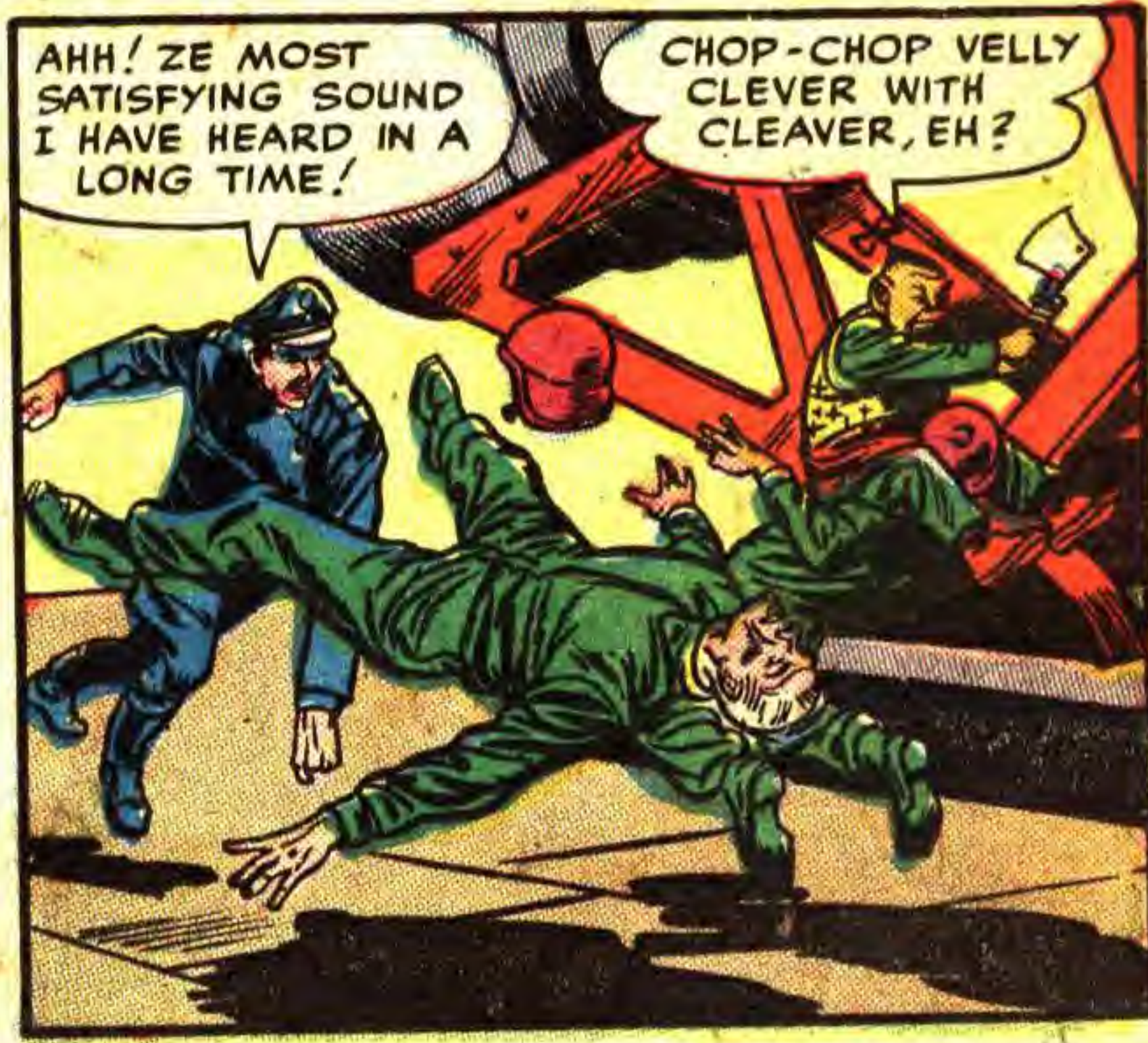








# BLACKHAWK

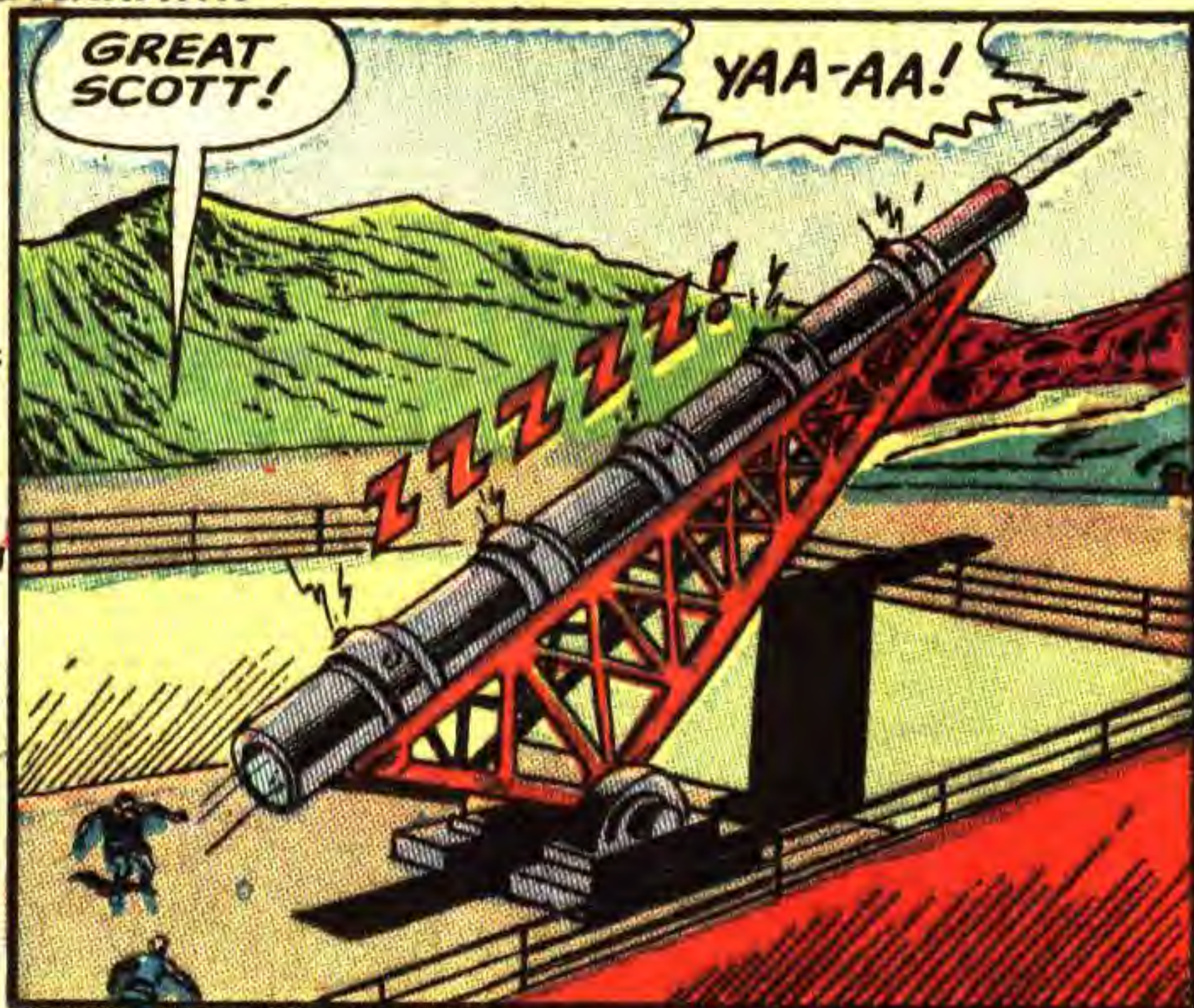




# BLACKHAWK



To BLACK-HAWK'S HORROR, KING COBRA'S TOTTERING FRAME JARS THE ELECTRIC CANNON'S MECHANISM...AND SUDDENLY, KING COBRA BECOMES A HUMAN PROJECTILE!





# MUSICAL ANGEL-CHIMES

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ANGELS  
WHIRL  
•  
BELLS  
RING

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Heat from lighted candles makes angels revolve continuously. When wands strike bells you hear pleasant musical chimes.

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SATISFACTION  
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MONEY  
BACK

Beautiful  
Tapered-  
Tip  
Candles

Overall  
Height  
13 inches



AS CENTERPIECE • ON MANTEL OR SHELF • ON BUFFET

• Here it is! That beautiful, whirling, chiming, table Candela-bra you've seen and admired at prices up to \$5 and \$10 in the finest shops. Now, for the first time, you can have this lovely, decorative centerpiece in your home, yours to own and enjoy, for only \$1.98 complete with 3 tapered-tip candles. All the authentic styling of famed Swedish craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this enchanting "Singing Angels" replica.

• You, your family and friends will rejoice in the charm and beauty which this decorative innovation brings to your home. Everyone who comes into your home will be fascinated by the gentle whirling action of the Herald Angels as the heat from the lighted candles cause them to revolve 'round and 'round for hours. Your cares and burdens will vanish under the soothing, relaxing influence of the church-like musical chimes as the angel wands continuously strike golden-toned bells during the revolving action. The effect is truly breathtaking. Lighted candles—revolving angels—soft chiming bells—all combine to provide unequalled beauty, peace and contentment for your home and for all who enter it.

• Made for long-life service of all metal construction with rich, polished brass effect, achieved by special anodizing process, can't tarnish, discolor or rust. Circular tray is designed with three candle holders which adjust to width of any candles you may wish to use. Here is a beautiful, decorative addition for your table, mantel, shelf or buffet that will last and serve you for years to come, yours on this offer for only \$1.98 or two for \$3.79. Order today. Use your Musical Whirling Angel Chimes for 10 full days. We guarantee that you'll be thrilled with its heavenly beauty and action or you can return in 10 days for full refund.

**SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 2400  
1227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen:—Rush my order as checked below for Musical Whirling ANGEL CHIMES, complete with 3 beautiful tapered-tip candles. I will pay the postman \$1.98 for one or two for \$3.79 plus C.O.D. postage charges on your 10 day money back offer.

Check how many:

☐ 1 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$1.98 ☐ 2 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$3.79

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES! Enclose price of offer plus 10c for postage for one or 15c for two. We'll ship your order all postage prepaid.

## AGENTS! MAKE BIG MONEY THIS FAST, EASY WAY

Everyone will buy Angel Chimes on self-selling 1 minute "lighted candle" demonstration. Should make you up to \$50 and \$100 weekly spare and full time. No competition. Write today for FREE details to Bill Allen, Sales Mgr., ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26.

## Order for Yourself! Order for Friends!

Hurry! — With labor and material costs going up every day, our low offer price may soon be withdrawn. Order now while there's still time.

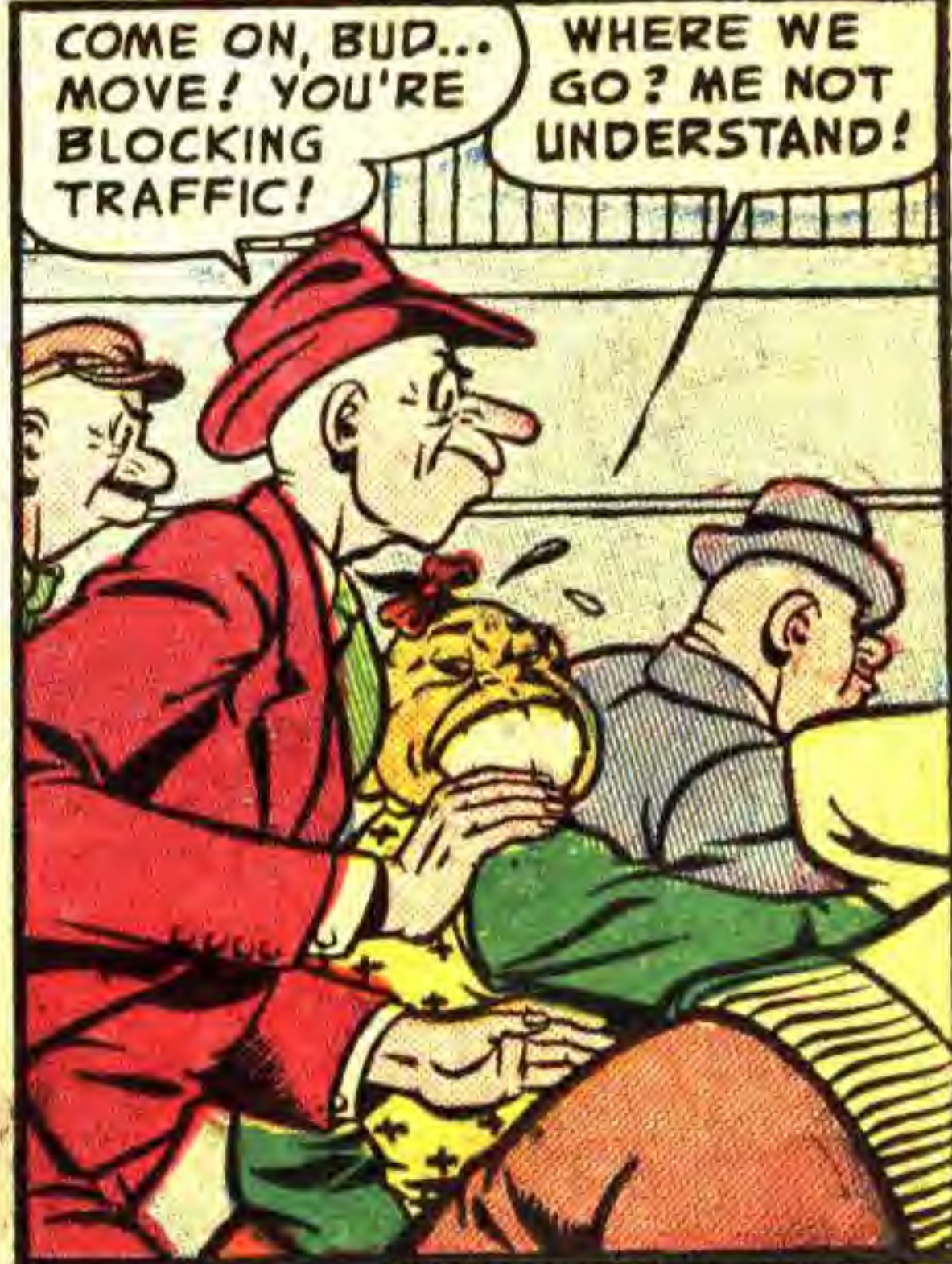
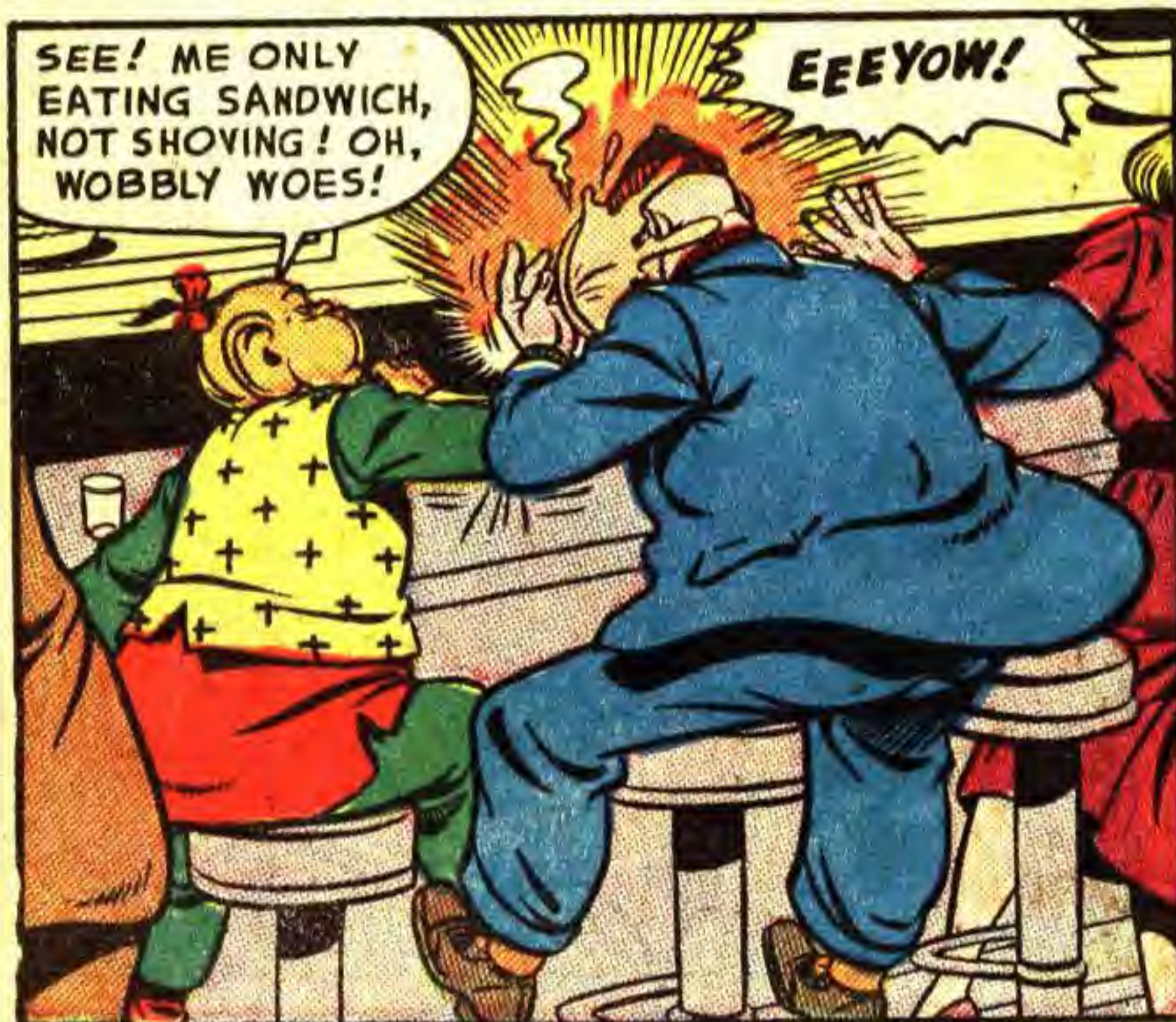
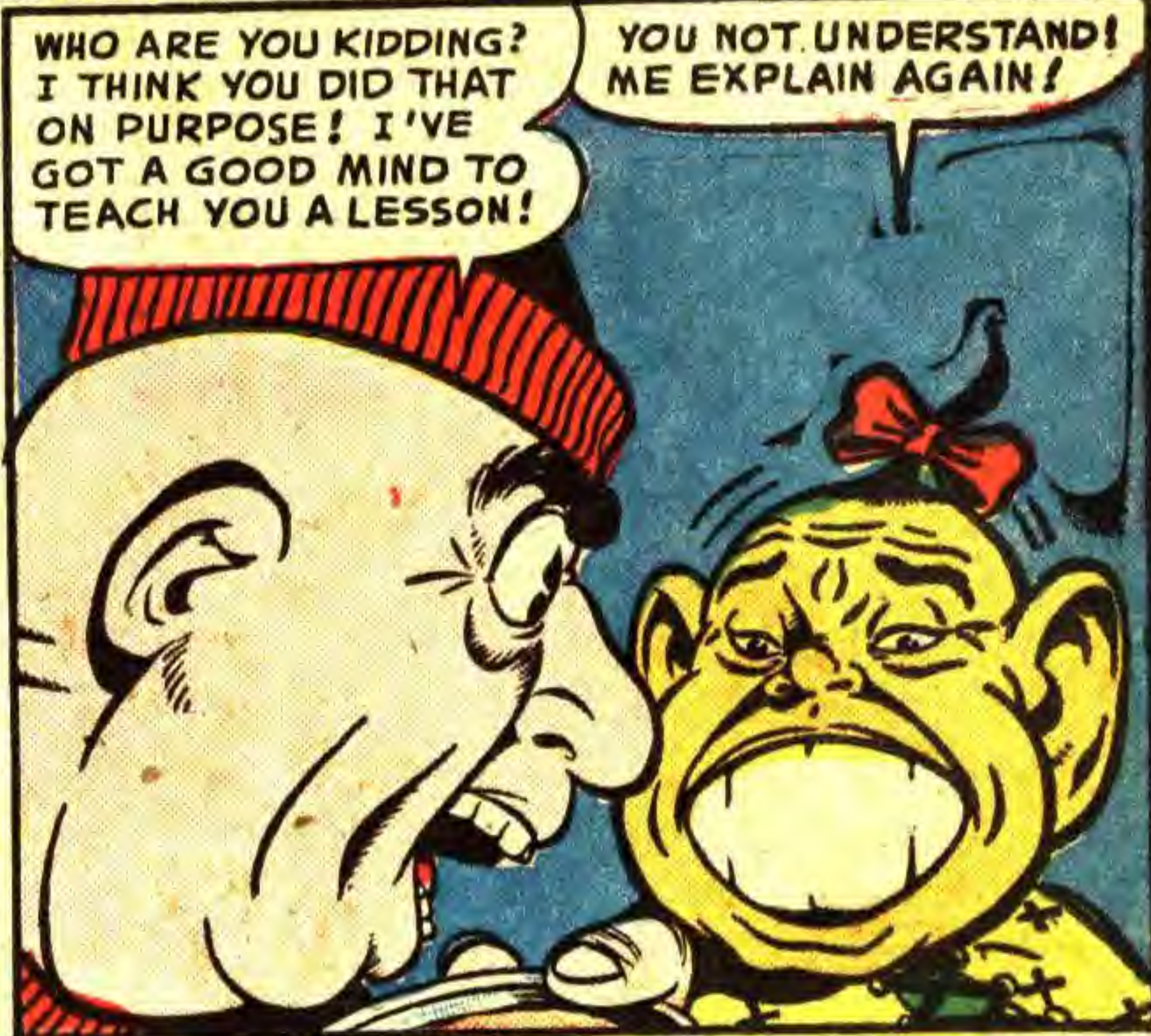
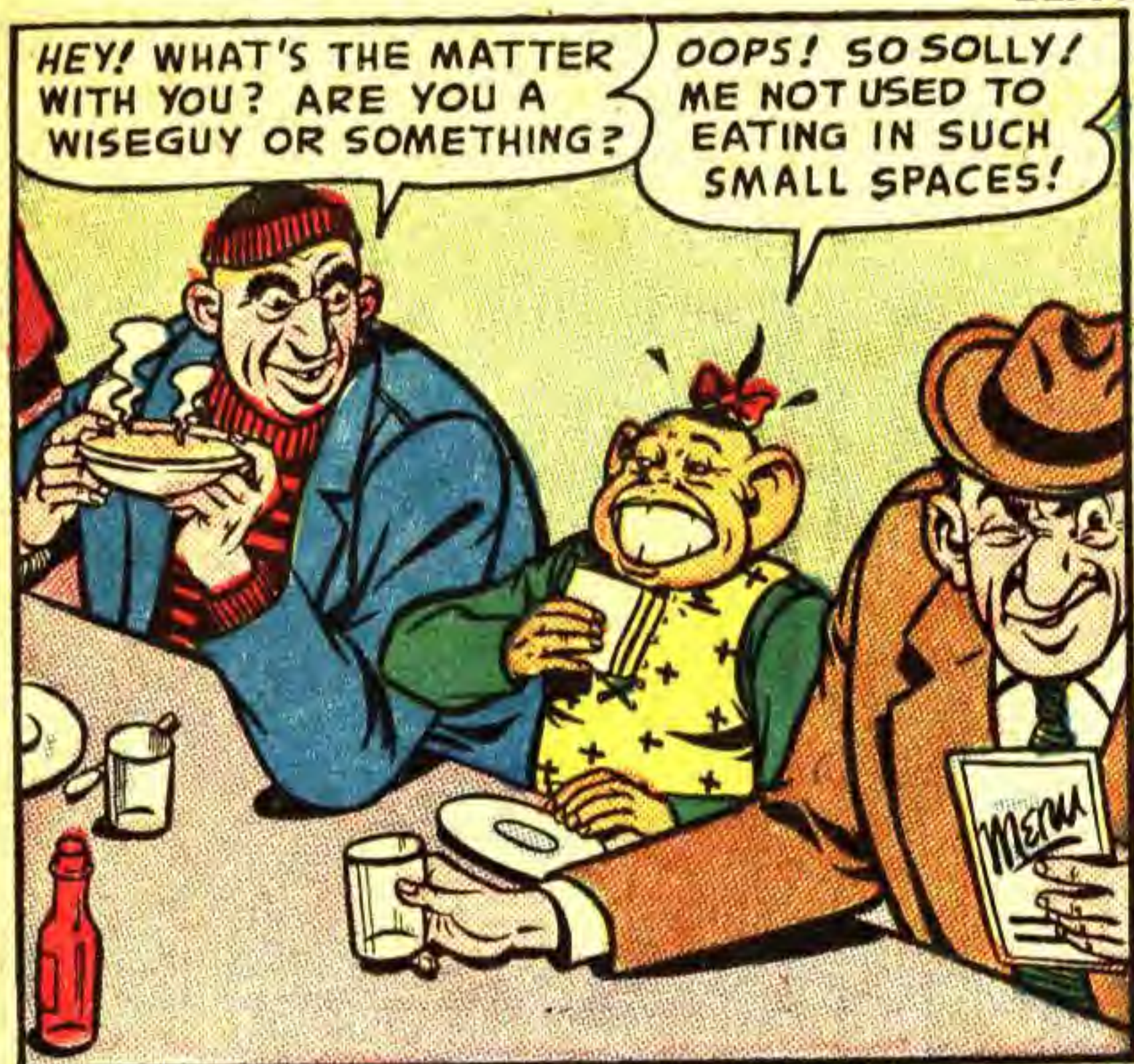
**MAIL COUPON TODAY**







BLACKHAWK



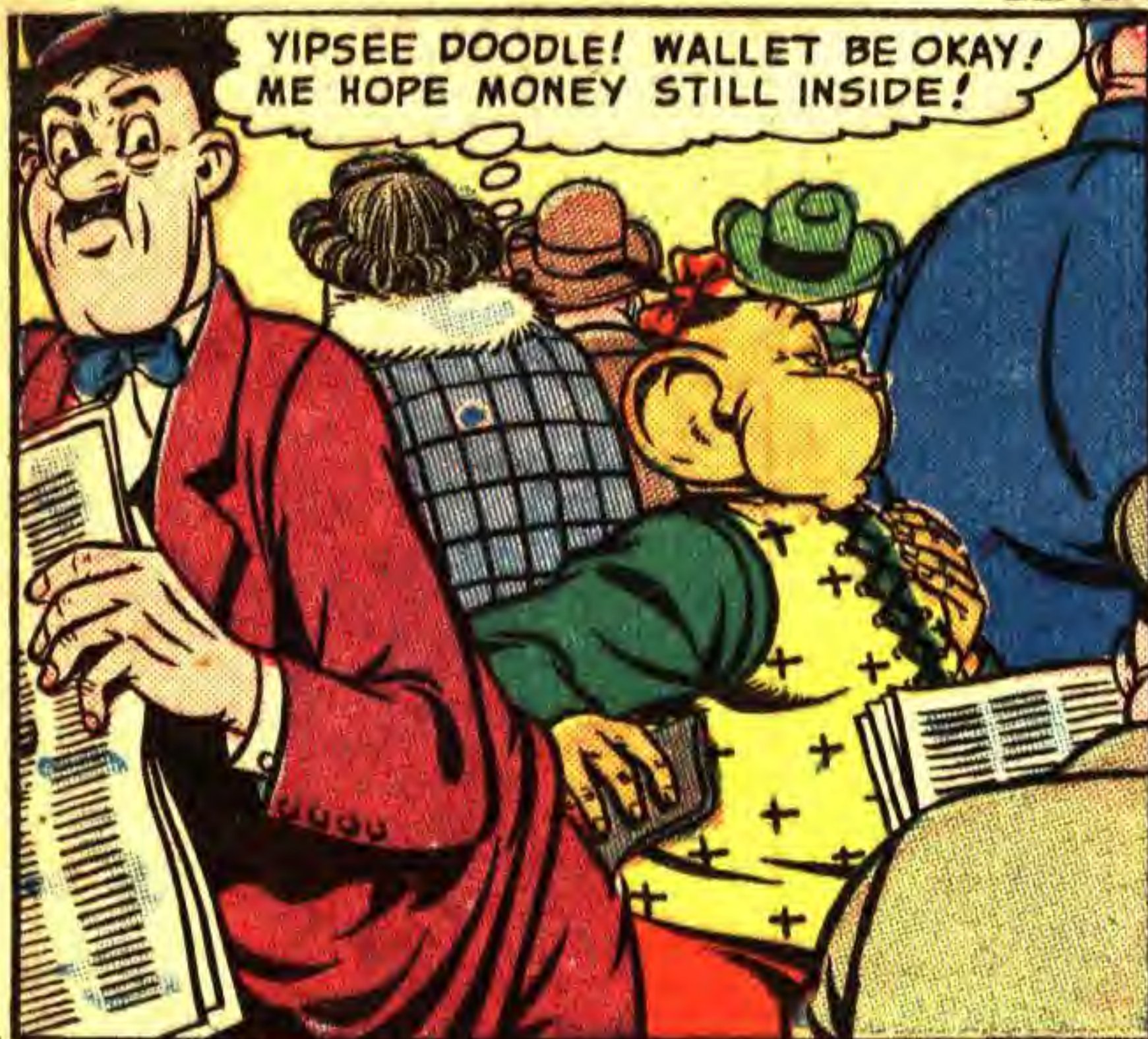


BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK



YIPSEE DOODLE! WALLET BE OKAY!  
ME HOPE MONEY STILL INSIDE!



HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG  
IDEA? WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING WITH THAT  
WALLET?

THIS BE FLEE COUNTRY!  
ME WANT TO MAKE SURE  
MY MONEY BE ALL  
LIGHT!



YOUR MONEY?  
THAT'S A HOT  
ONE! WHAT'S  
IT DOING IN  
MY WALLET?

IT NOT BE  
YOUR WALLET!  
IT BELONGS  
TO ME!



SEE THIS  
IDENTIFICATION  
CARD? THAT'S  
MY NAME AND  
THIS IS MY  
WALLET!

YOU BE LIGHT!  
SO SOLLY!  
CANNOT UNDER-  
STAND HOW ME  
MAKE MISTAKE!

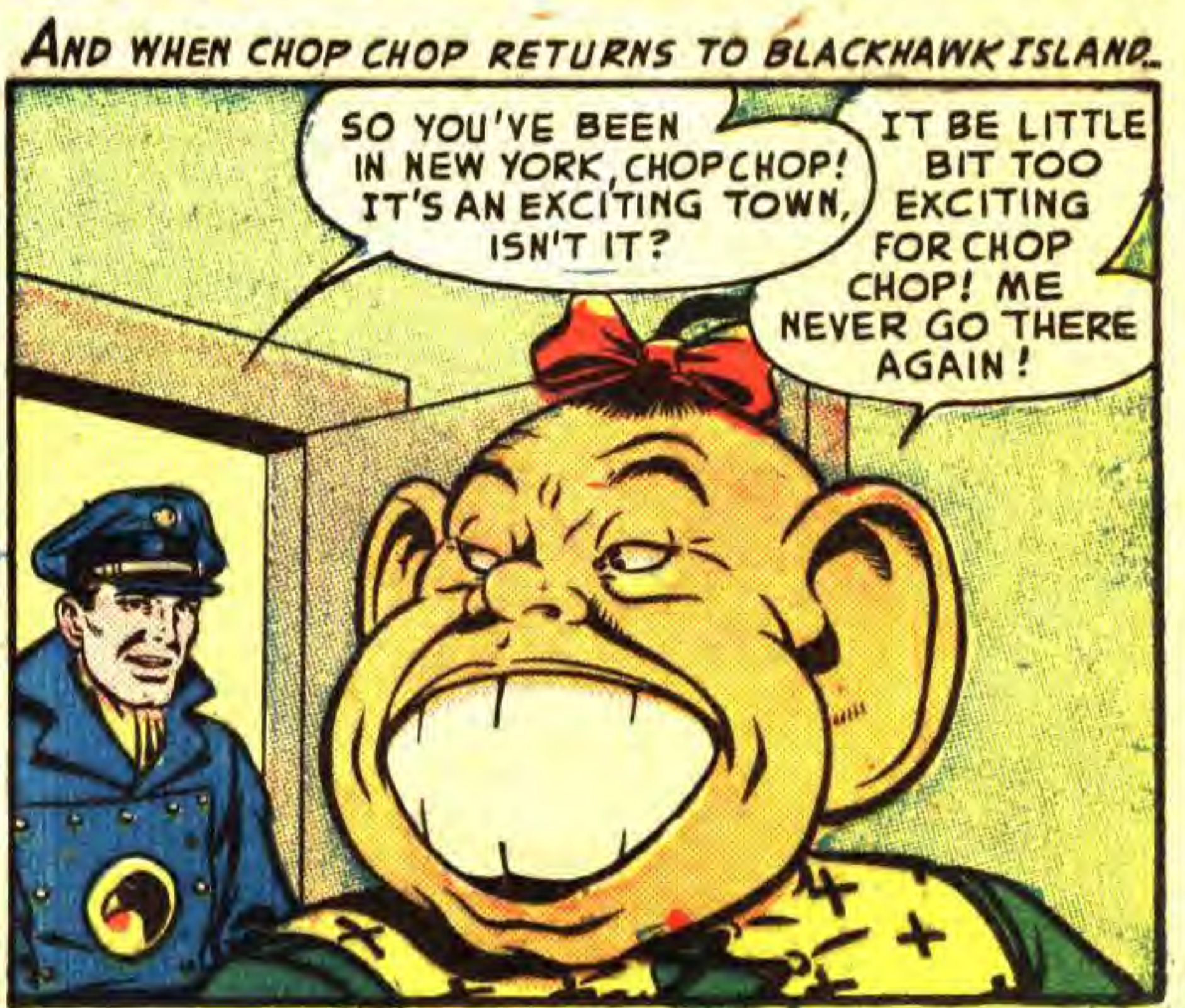


IT WAS YOUR  
MISTAKE AND  
YOU'RE GONNA  
PAY FOR IT!  
I'M TURNING  
YOU OVER TO  
THE COPS!

ME NOT  
INTELESTED  
IN MEETING  
POLICE! MUST  
SAY GOOMBYE  
LIGHT NOW!



OH, GOLLIES! ME HAVE ENOUGH OF  
NEW YORK CITY! BE ALL LEADY TO  
GO HOME!



SO YOU'VE BEEN  
IN NEW YORK, CHOPCHOP!  
IT'S AN EXCITING TOWN,  
ISN'T IT?

IT BE LITTLE  
BIT TOO  
EXCITING  
FOR CHOP  
CHOP! ME  
NEVER GO THERE  
AGAIN!



# Blackhawk

ACROSS THE TINY REPUBLIC OF DELANZA A CRY IS ECHOED... "URANIUM!" URANIUM HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE DELANZA HILLS! AND THEN DISASTER STRIKES! DISASTER IN THE FORM OF A MENACING SYMBOL THAT LEAVES TERROR, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION WHEREVER ITS HIDEOUS SHADOW FALLS! ANOTHER JOB FOR THE VALIANT BLACKHAWKS! BUT CAN THEY SHATTER THE VICIOUS NET WOVEN BY

**The SPIDER of DELANZA!**



**A**  
URGENT  
RADIO  
MESSAGE  
FROM  
GREGOR  
CARSEN,  
PRESIDENT  
OF  
DELANZA  
BRINGS  
BLACKHAWK  
AND  
ANDRE  
TO  
INVESTIGATE!

LOOK, BLACKHAWK! CARSEN!  
HE EES PROBABLY ON HEES  
WAY TO LONDON FOR HELP  
FROM ZE UNITED WORLD  
HEADQUARTERS!

THAT'S THE  
PRESIDENTIAL  
PLANE, ALL  
RIGHT, ANDRE!

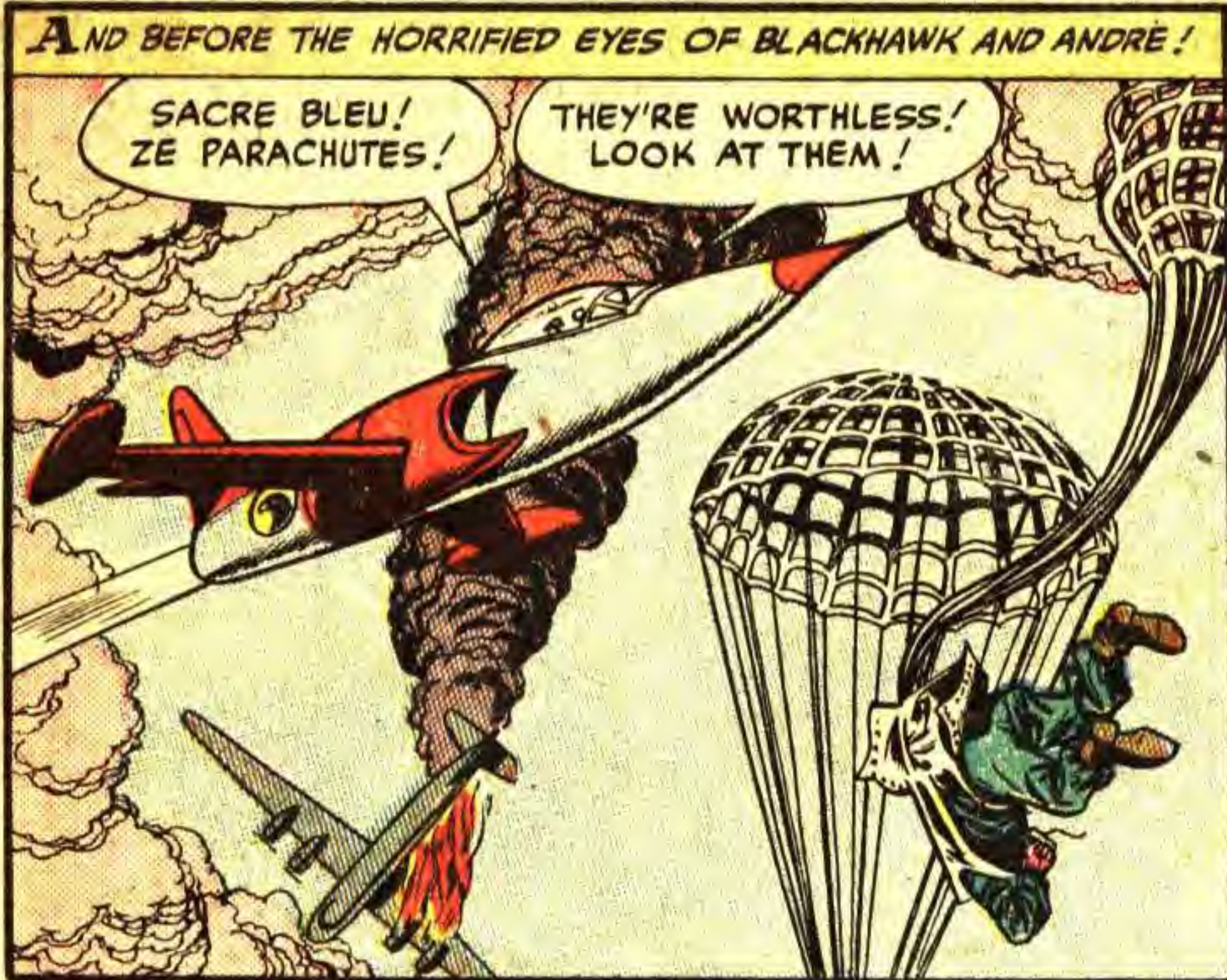


WELL, WHILE HE'S IN  
LONDON, WE'LL CHECK  
AROUND DELANZA AND  
CALL FOR THE REST OF  
OUR MEN IF NECESSARY!

MON AMI! ZE  
PLANE! SOME-  
THEENG GO  
WRONG!

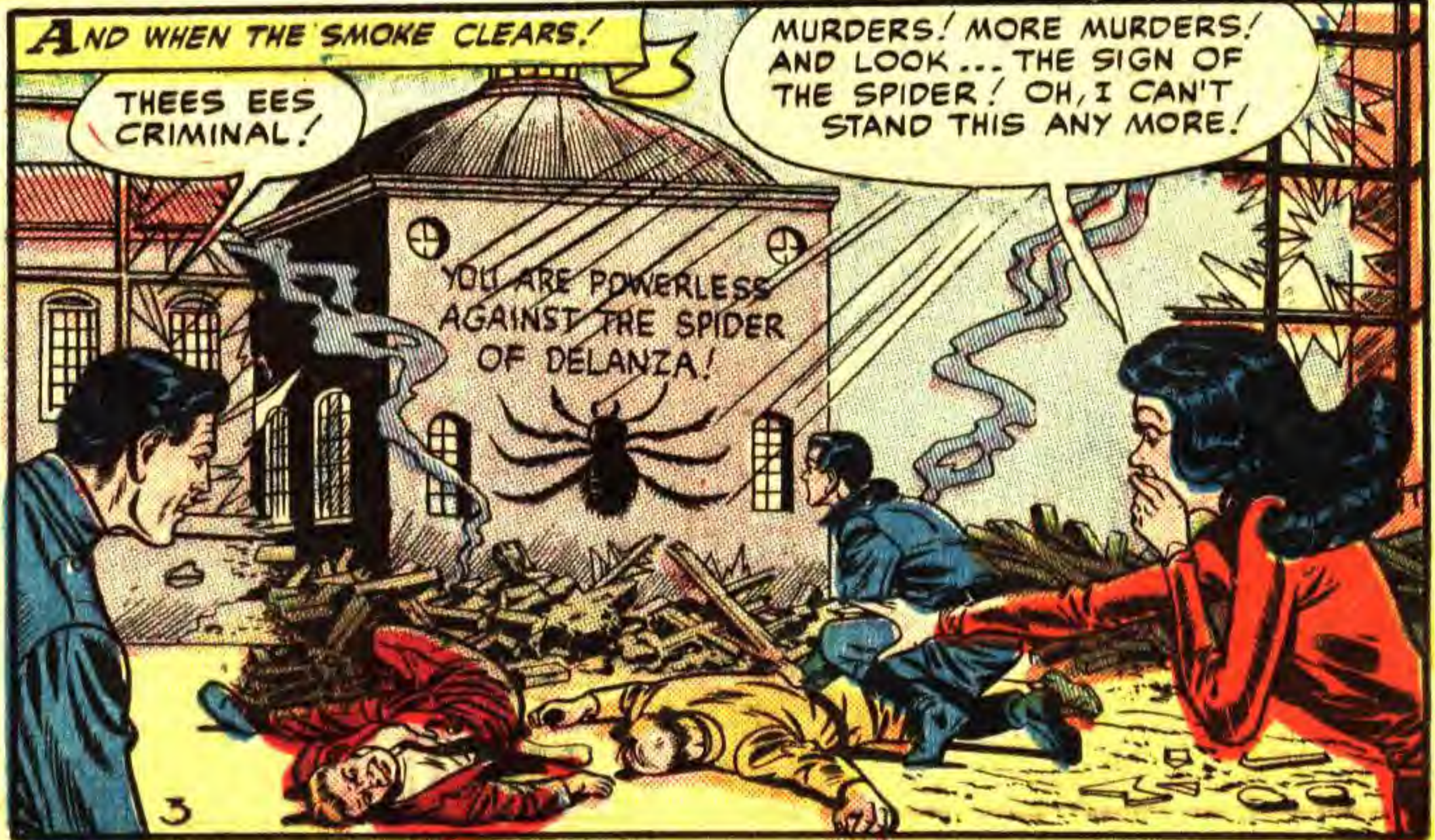
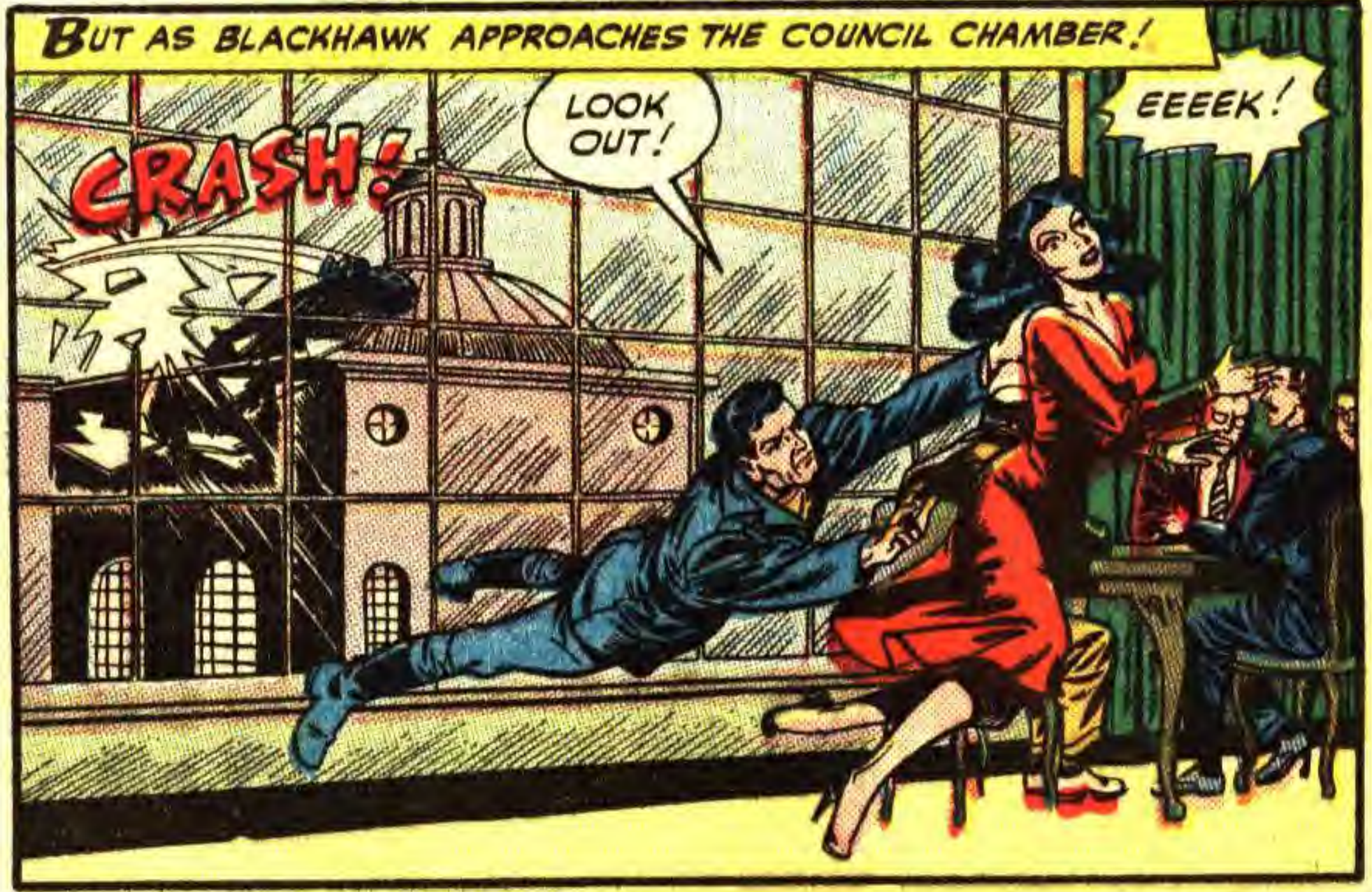






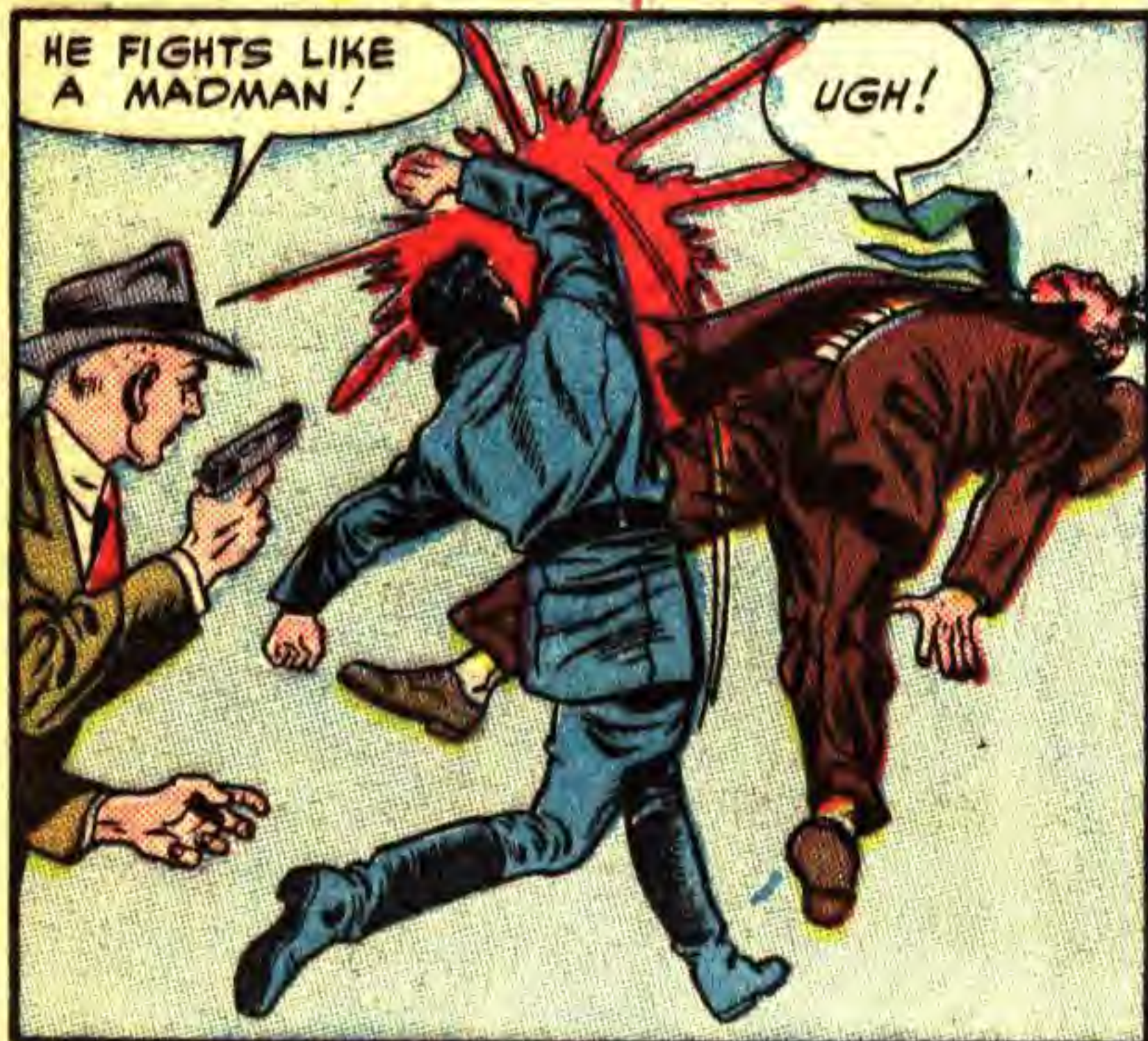


# BLACKHAWK



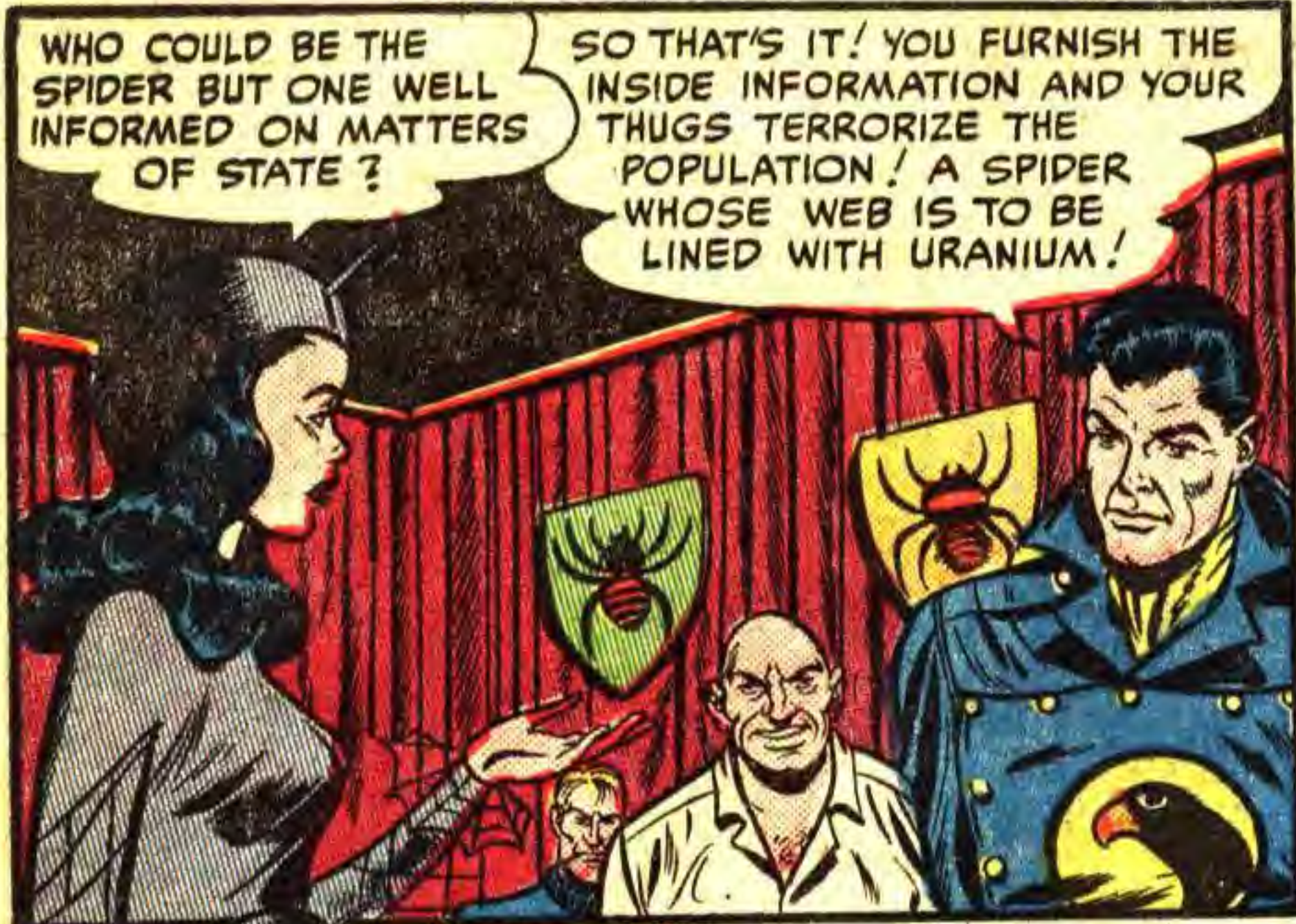


BLACKHAWK



As BLACK-HAWK FALLS BENEATH THE MERCILESS BLOW, INSTINCTIVELY HE CLICKS ON HIS BELT RADIO! LATER...





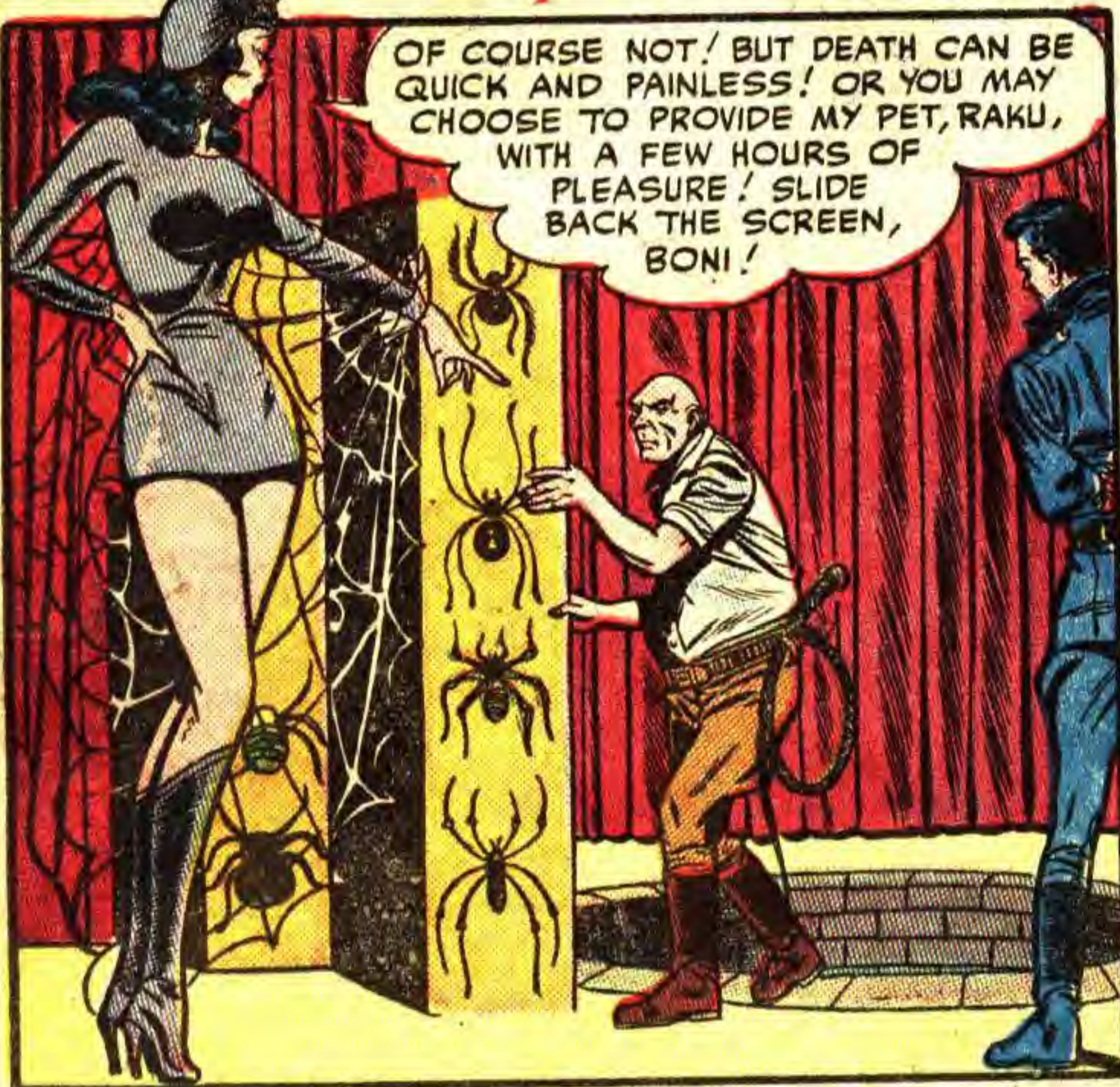
WHO COULD BE THE SPIDER BUT ONE WELL INFORMED ON MATTERS OF STATE?

SO THAT'S IT! YOU FURNISH THE INSIDE INFORMATION AND YOUR THUGS TERRORIZE THE POPULATION! A SPIDER WHOSE WEB IS TO BE LINED WITH URANIUM!



YOU ARE CLEVER, BLACKHAWK! SEE HOW BRILLIANTLY YOU CHOOSE BETWEEN THE TWO FATES I HAVE CHOSEN FOR YOU!

ANYTHING YOU'VE LINED UP WOULDN'T INTEREST ME!



OF COURSE NOT! BUT DEATH CAN BE QUICK AND PAINLESS! OR YOU MAY CHOOSE TO PROVIDE MY PET, RAKU, WITH A FEW HOURS OF PLEASURE! SLIDE BACK THE SCREEN, BONI!



IT'S FANTASTIC!



A RATHER DISTRESSING WAY TO DIE, BLACKHAWK! BUT YOU WILL BE SPARED THIS AGONY IF YOU ASSIST ME IN RIDDING MYSELF OF... OTHER ENEMIES! THE REMAINING BLACKHAWKS!

YOU'RE INSANE!



THIS INSTRUMENT WE FOUND ON YOUR BELT! USE IT TO LURE THEM HERE TO THE SILVER WEB INN... AND YOU DIE IN PEACE!

YOU'RE TALKING TO THE WRONG MAN!



CHANGE HIS MIND, BONI!

MY BELT RADIO HAS BEEN ON SINCE I CAME, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW IT! IF ANDRE OR THE OTHERS HEARD THAT ADDRESS, THEY'LL BE HERE... WHEN THEY AREN'T EXPECTED!



# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK





BLACKHAWK

# THE ASSASSIN



**T**HE crime was murder. Stanley Marsyk was paid handsomely by the representatives of the dictatorship to see the man from the free powers never reached home. He was contacted while he idled in a Paris cafe. It was all done in cloak and dagger fashion. Two men slipped into the chairs at his table. At first, Stanley thought his lurid past was catching up with him. Was it the two thugs he had left holding the bag after the jewelry theft in New York? Or old friends from the dim years gone by in Budapest? These questions skipped across his mind as the man in the homburg drew a leather folder from his coat pocket. He flashed it briefly, identifying himself as an important man with the secret police of his dictator country.

"We know you are a man without honor, Stanley Marsyk," he began. Stanley raised an eyebrow. "Please, sir, I'm a sensitive man, and a business man. So let us get to the business quickly." It didn't take long. They acquainted him with the diplomat's habits . . . his early morning stroll, his walk in the garden after dinner, the clubs he frequented, his diplomatic friends. They gave him a time limit, forty-eight hours. And they gave him half the money in advance. It was in an envelope, slipped into his pocket as the men rose to leave. "If the amount isn't correct, gentlemen," smiled Stanley, "the job won't be done. And with my extensive knowledge of the world and its hiding places, you'll have a difficult time seeking me out." The agents looked at him blankly. "The amount is correct," said the man in the homburg. "Do the job within the stated time and the other half will be in your clean laundry when it is returned to you in two days." And they left.

Stanley toyed with his coffee and fell to thinking about the time, the place, and the method. "Ah, yes, the method," he mused. It should be silent and surreptitious, nothing loud and vulgar, no guns, no auto accident. He decided to use a knife. Stanley prided himself on his skill with a knife. The time would be evening, the after-dinner stroll in the garden.

Back in his dingy room, Stanley Marsyk counted the money eagerly. It was all there, fine crisp bills. He was determined to do the job that very evening. "I'll get it over with and then sit back and wait for my laundry," he said aloud. Stanley hauled an old trunk out from under the bed. He opened the top to display a knife rack containing every type of knife imaginable. He looked at them lovingly before he selected a wicked looking dagger. Its short handle was intricately carved, bearing a far east motif. Stanley put on a pair of gloves and carefully wiped the knife with a clean cloth before slipping it into his belt and closing his jacket over it. He donned a beret and started downstairs humming a gay, little tune as he went.

A short while later, he was bicycling out of the city. It was dark when he reached the area of

the great estates, but Stanley had no difficulty in locating the home where the diplomat was staying. He hid the bicycle in the masses of shrubbery near the rear gate and then he scaled the protecting wall covered with vines, and dropped like a cat into the vast gardens that surrounded the big home. Stanley Marsyk crept silently towards the house. The large windows were open onto the terrace and from where he was hidden, he could see several people gathered in the room, having after-dinner coffee. A gentleman rose from the group, excused himself, and headed for the terrace. Stanley melted into the landscaping.

The next morning, the world was electrified by the news. Stanley sat in his favorite cafe sipping coffee and reading the newspapers. The story of the assassination blazed on every front page. Authorities were mystified. The knife was a common type, sold in every curio shop in the far east. No fingerprints, no cars were around, no one was seen near the estate. The noble career of a great man had come to a tragic end. Stanley shrugged as he read of the sadness this man's death had brought. Then he paid his check with a large bill, and waited for his change. The waiter was visibly impressed. Stanley gave him a small tip. "It isn't often one sells a painting these days," he smiled at the waiter who nodded understandingly. Paris was full of starving artists who made an occasional sale.

The laundry came back and the money came with it. Stanley then left his small room and took a suite at the large hotel. For weeks he lived in luxury and then he made plans for a world tour. They picked him up as he was about to board the train.

He was hauled like a common criminal to the dim police building. "What is the offense?" he asked indignantly. The official replied, "You have been passing counterfeit bills. You even deposited counterfeit money in your bank. You must be mad!" Stanley went white. He was put in a cell and a few hours later, he was taken out and led back to the police official. He carefully explained to Stanley Marsyk that he was to be extradited to the dictator's country. That country claimed him as a citizen and claimed also that he was the leader of a counterfeiting group which had been located in their country. He was to be shipped there for punishment. Stanley thought wildly. His passport was forged, he had no proof that he was not a citizen of the dictatorship. He had no proof of his real identity. He was trapped.

Hysterically he screamed out the story of the diplomat's assassination. They wouldn't believe him. The waiter in the cafe testified that he was there that very evening and he had passed a counterfeit bill then. "Lies! Lies!" shrieked Stanley. He was still shouting when they came for him.



# Blackhawk

A SMALL ATOLL, WITH A LAGOON SURROUNDED BY REEFS! HERE CAME THE BLACKHAWKS TO MAKE THE MOST GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THEIR PERIL-PACKED CAREERS! FOR EACH BLACKHAWK KNEW THAT THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE FINISH TO THEIR SAGA OF HEROISM ... AND THAT WAS **DEATH!** THIS TINY ISLAND MARKS THE END OF THE DANGER TRAIL THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE BLAZED ACROSS EVERY CONTINENT! AND THE BLACKHAWKS ARE DESTINED TO MAKE THEIR

**LAST STAND ON SUICIDE ISLAND!**



**HEDGE-**  
HOPPING  
OVER THE  
BATTLEFRONT,  
THE BLACK-  
HAWKS  
POUR A  
DEVASTATING  
FIRE  
INTO  
ENEMY  
LINES!

MON DIEU! ZEY HAVE  
MOVED UP HEAVY  
ARTILLERY AND  
TANKS, BLACKHAWK!



YOU'RE RIGHT ANDRE!  
THAT SPELLS A GENERAL  
ATTACK TO BE LAUNCHED  
ANY HOUR! I'D  
BETTER WARN  
HEADQUARTERS  
AT ONCE!





# BLACKHAWK

**T**HE NEXT DAY, AN URGENT SUMMONS BRINGS THE BLACK-HAWKS TO MILITARY HEAD-QUARTERS!

THE ENEMY JUMPED OFF YESTERDAY! THANKS TO YOUR WARNING, WE WERE ABLE TO PULL BACK OUR TROOPS WITHOUT HEAVY DAMAGE BEING INFLICTED UPON US! BUT WE'RE IN REAL TROUBLE ON ORINARY ISLAND, BLACKHAWK!



WE EVACUATED ALL OUR TROOPS BY SEA! BUT NOW WE DISCOVER THAT THERE'S AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE PIECE OF MILITARY EQUIPMENT STILL ON THE ISLAND!

WHAT'S THAT, SIR?



A CANNON...WHOSE FIRE IS GUIDED BY RADAR SO THAT ITS ACCURACY SURPASSES ALL PREVIOUSLY KNOWN ARTILLERY WEAPONS! IF THE ENEMY GETS HIS HANDS ON THAT CANNON, THEY MAY END OUR SUPREMACY IN THE AIR!



WE NEED VOLUNTEERS TO GO ASHORE AND GET THE RADAR CANNON! WE KNOW THE ENEMY HASN'T LANDED HIS TROOPS THERE YET, SO A SMALL GROUP OF MEN MIGHT BE ABLE TO SNEAK ASHORE!

WE'LL TAKE THE JOB, SIR!



IF YOU CAN'T GET OFF THE ISLAND, THEN THE RADAR CANNON MUST BE DESTROYED! YOU UNDERSTAND?

PERFECTLY, SIR!

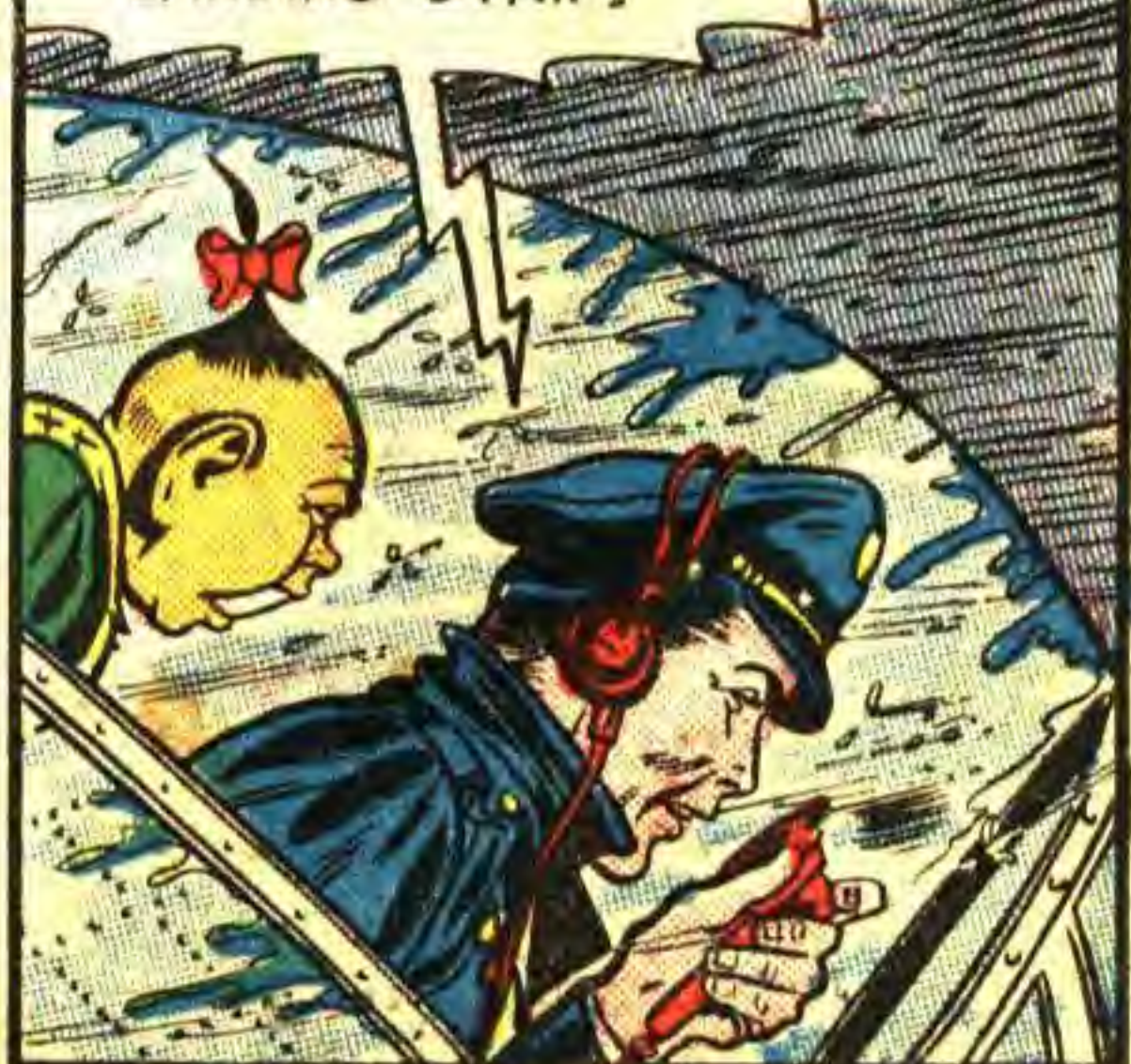


**A** SHORT WHILE LATER THE BLACKHAWK PLANES DRIVE THROUGH A PELTING THUNDER-STORM TOWARD ORINARY ISLAND!

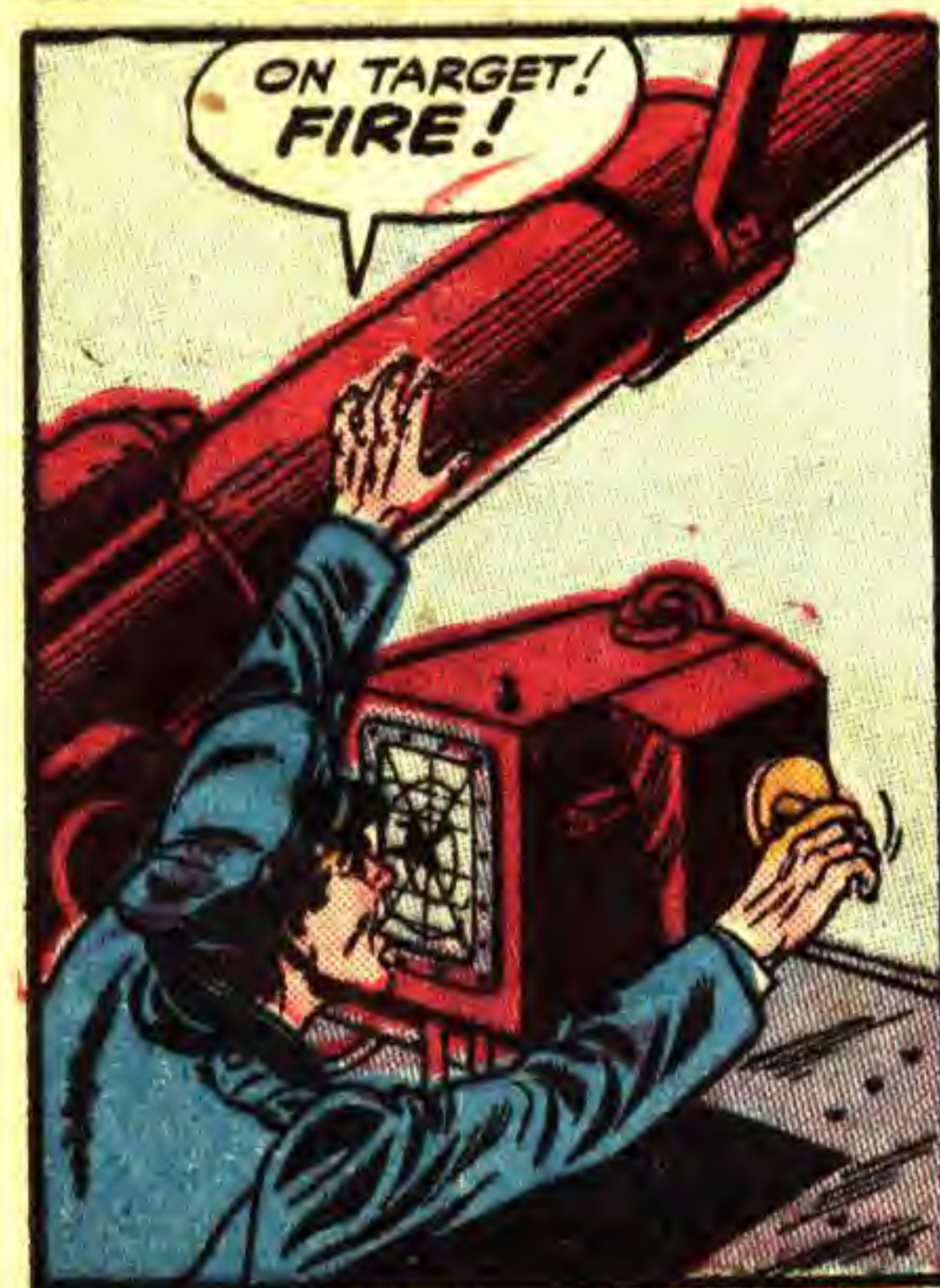
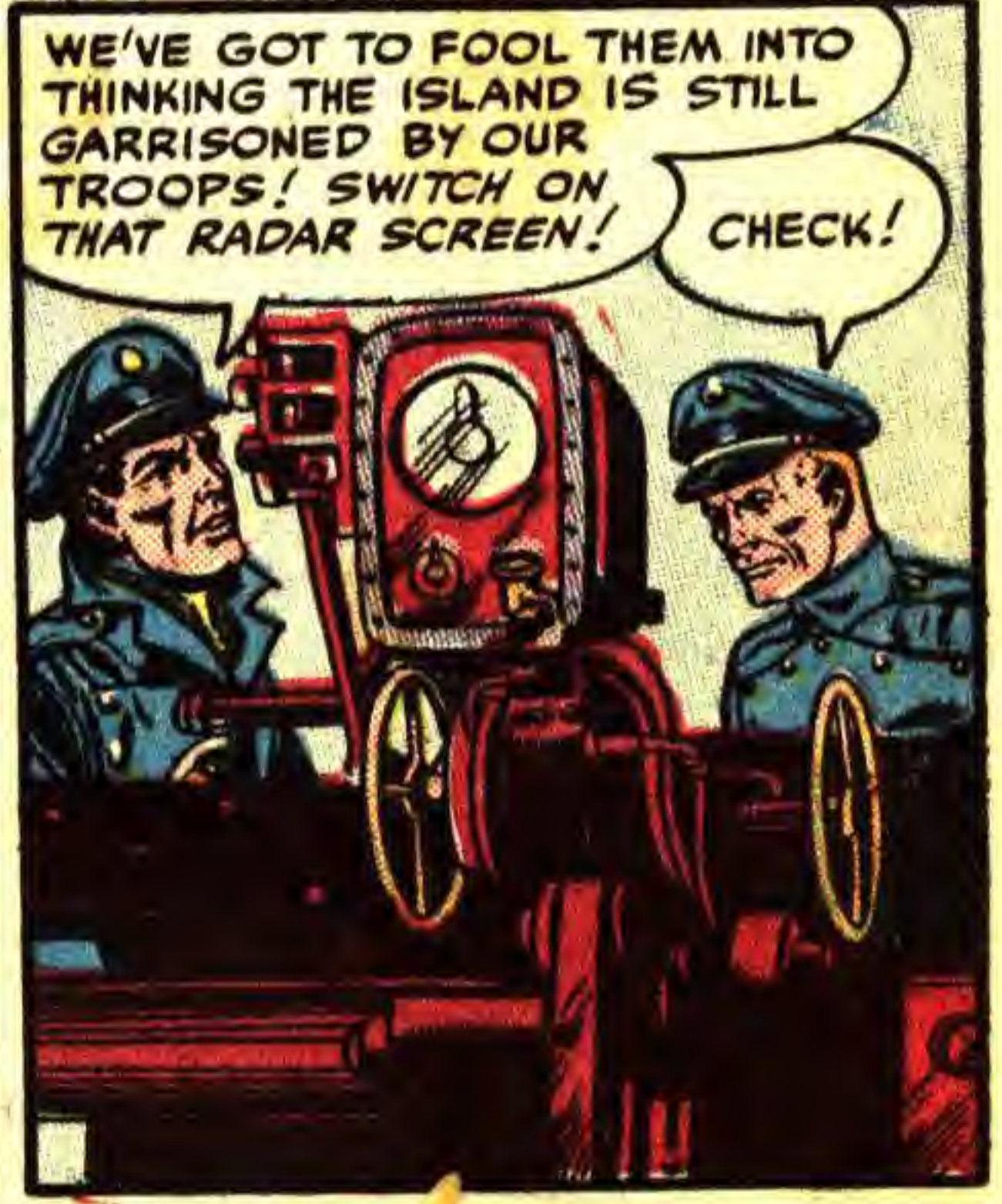


PY YIMINY! AY BAN NEVER SEE VORSE FLYING WEATHER!

DON'T COMPLAIN, OLAF! THIS CEILING ZERO IS HELPING US GET IN WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED! WHEN WE LAND, CAMOUFLAGE THE PLANES AND GET THEM OFF THE LANDING STRIP!









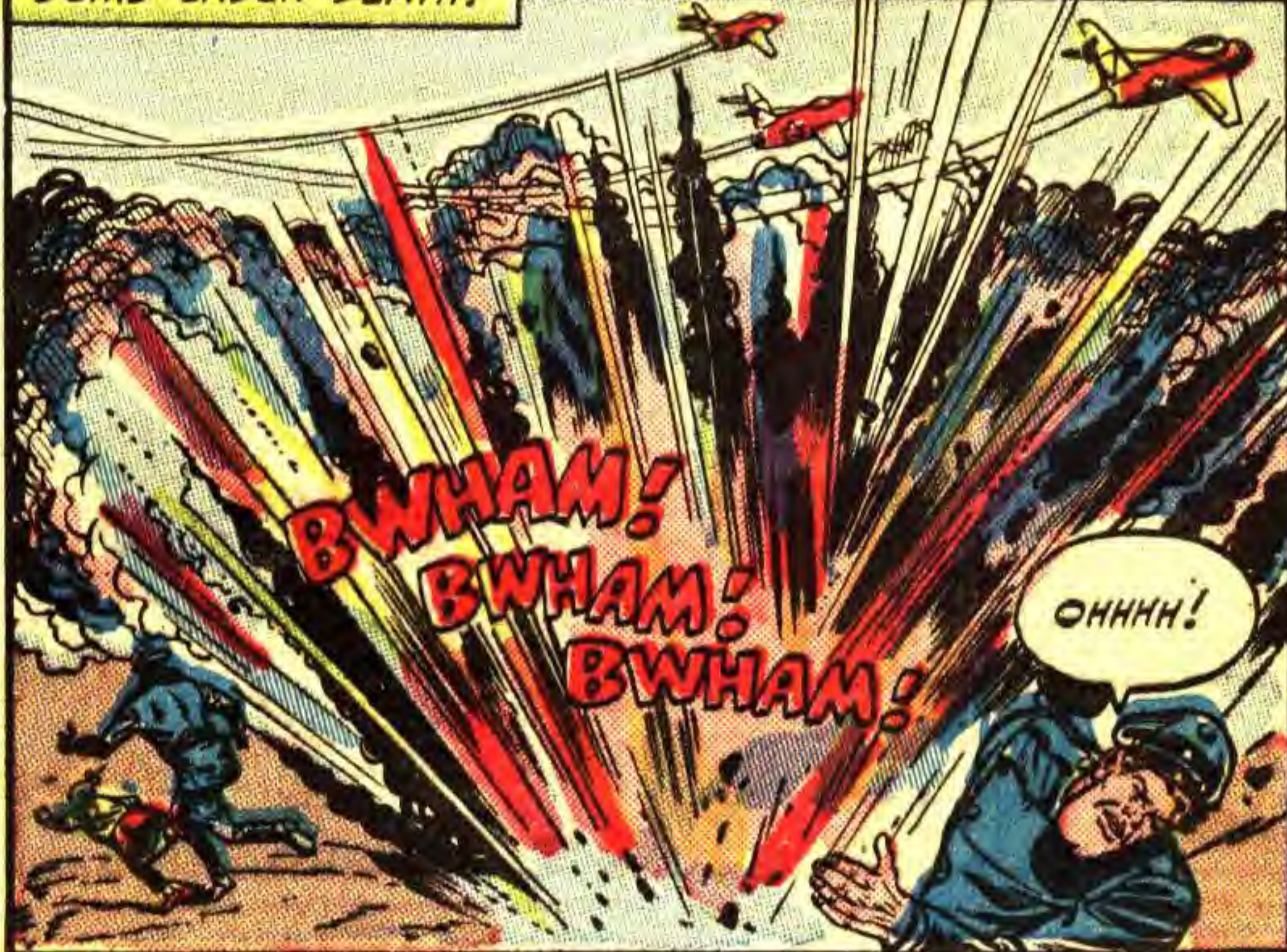
# BLACKHAWK



WE GOT ANOTHER!

BUT HERE THEY COME! SCATTER!

FLATTENING OUT OF THEIR DIVE, THE MIGS SOW A HARVEST OF BOMB-LADEN DEATH!



OHHHH!



WHE-EW! I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER GO AWAY!

NOM DE NOM! OLAF IS HURT... VEREE BAD!



HE.. HE'S NOT... ?

NO, HE'S STILL BREATHING, CHUCK! BUT HE'S CARRYING ENOUGH SHRAPNEL IN HIM TO KILL TWO ORDINARY MEN!



WE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE RADAR CANNON, AND CLEAR OUT OF HERE! OLAF WILL DIE UNLESS WE GET HIM TO SURGERY!

DEN I'M AFRAID HE IS LOST, BLACKHAWK!



SEE DOT! DOSE MIGS STRAFED DER WOODS WHERE IS HIDDEN OUR PLANES! DEY ARE GOING UP IN FLAMES!

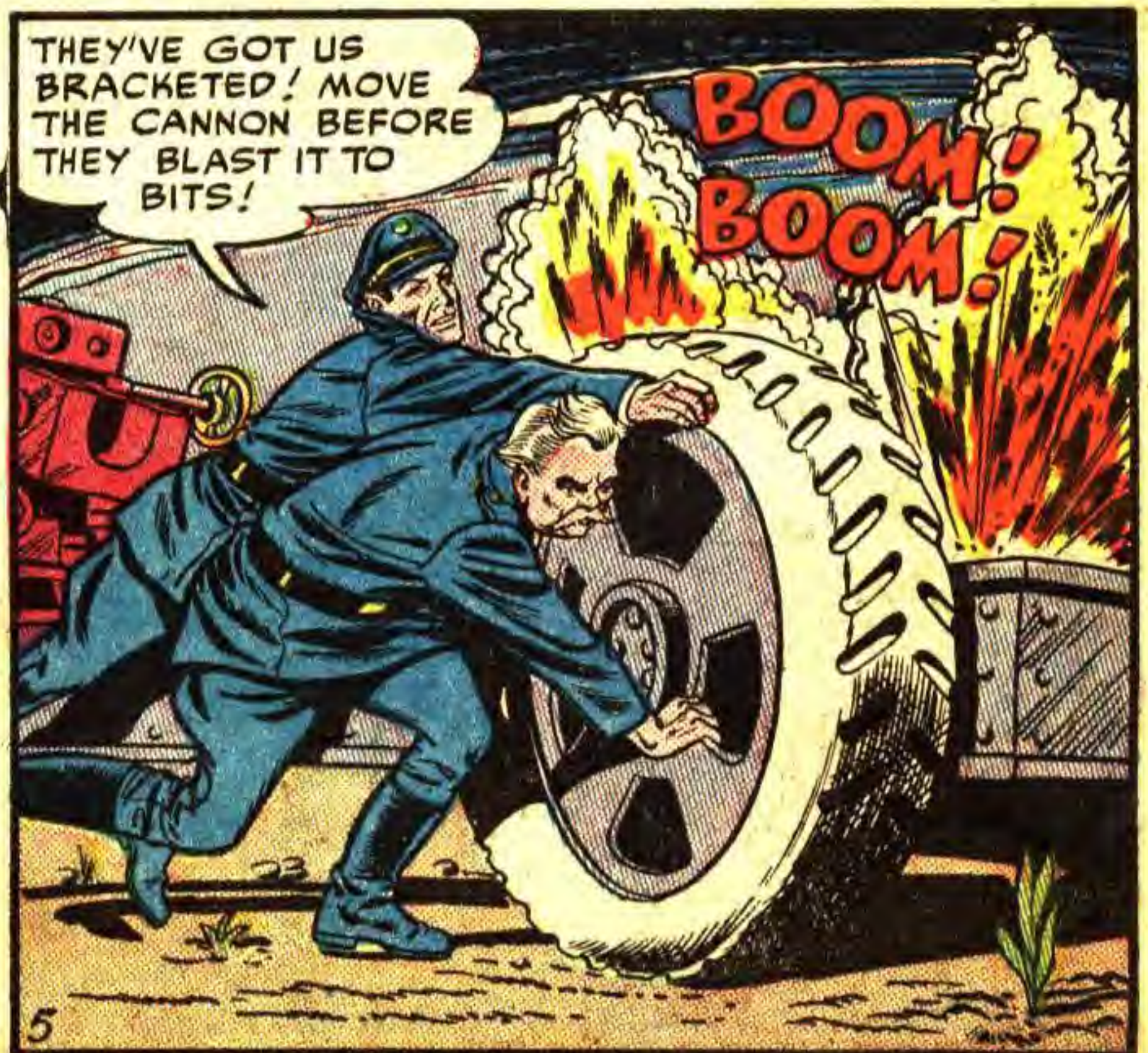
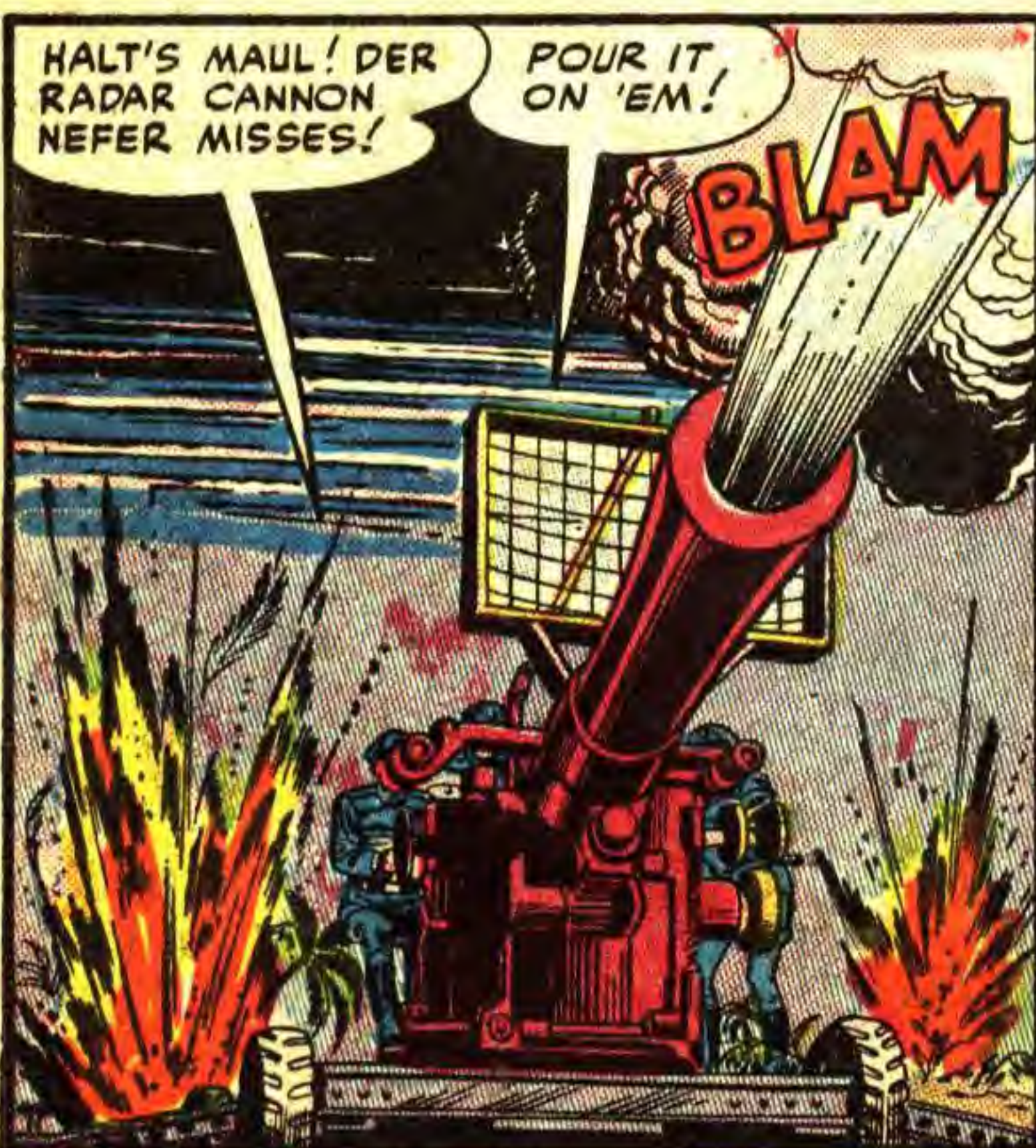
WE'RE STRANDED HERE ON THE ISLAND!



STANISLAUS WAS WOUNDED ON THAT MIG RAID TOO!

THIS IS IT, GANG! NO USE IN BLINKING THE FACTS! WE'RE NEVER GOING TO LEAVE ORINARY ISLAND...ALIVE!







BLACKHAWK



ME GO GET  
SHELLS FLO  
SHOOTING!

HEAR THAT?  
HIT THE  
GROUND!

WHREEEEEEEE!



BARAMM!



DER SHELLS!  
DEY ARE  
GONE!

CHOP CHOP! HE  
WAS RUNNING  
STRAIGHT TOWARD  
IT WHEN THOSE  
SHELLS WENT  
OFF!



HE MAY BE  
DEAD!

BLACKHAWK! TWO LANDING  
BARGES CAME THROUGH THE  
LAGOON! LOADED TO THE  
GUNWALES WITH ENEMY  
TROOPS!



ANDRE, YOU STAND GUARD  
BY THE RADAR CANNON!  
SET DYNAMITE CHARGES!  
WHEN YOU SIGHT THE ENEMY  
BLOW THE RADAR CANNON  
SKY HIGH!

WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO,  
MON AMI?



I'M GOING TO GREET  
THOSE TROOPS AS THEY  
COME ASHORE! I'VE GOT  
A DEBT TO SETTLE!



WE CAN'T MISS  
AT THIS  
RANGE!

YAAGHH!

CHARGE...  
UHHHH!

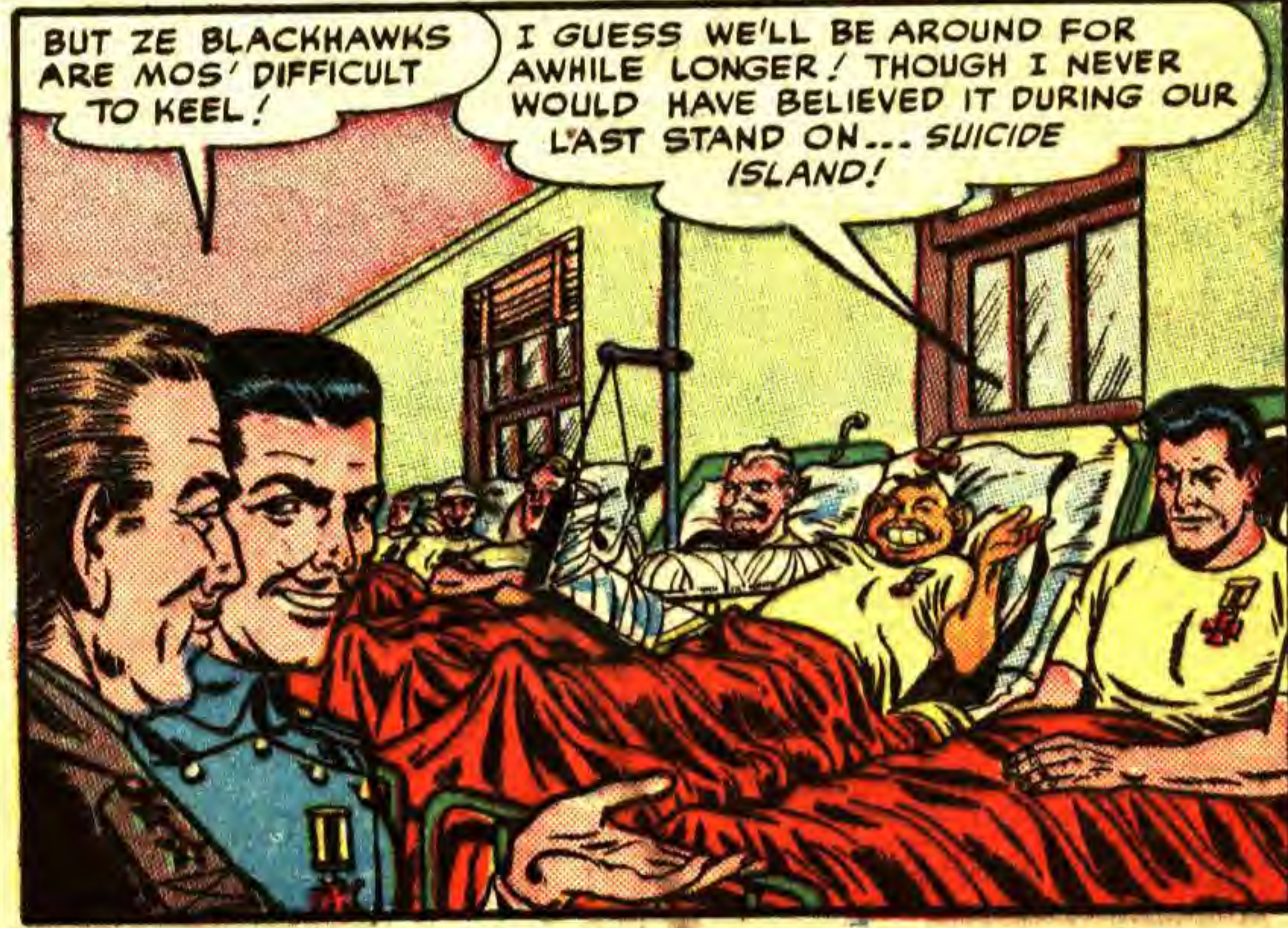
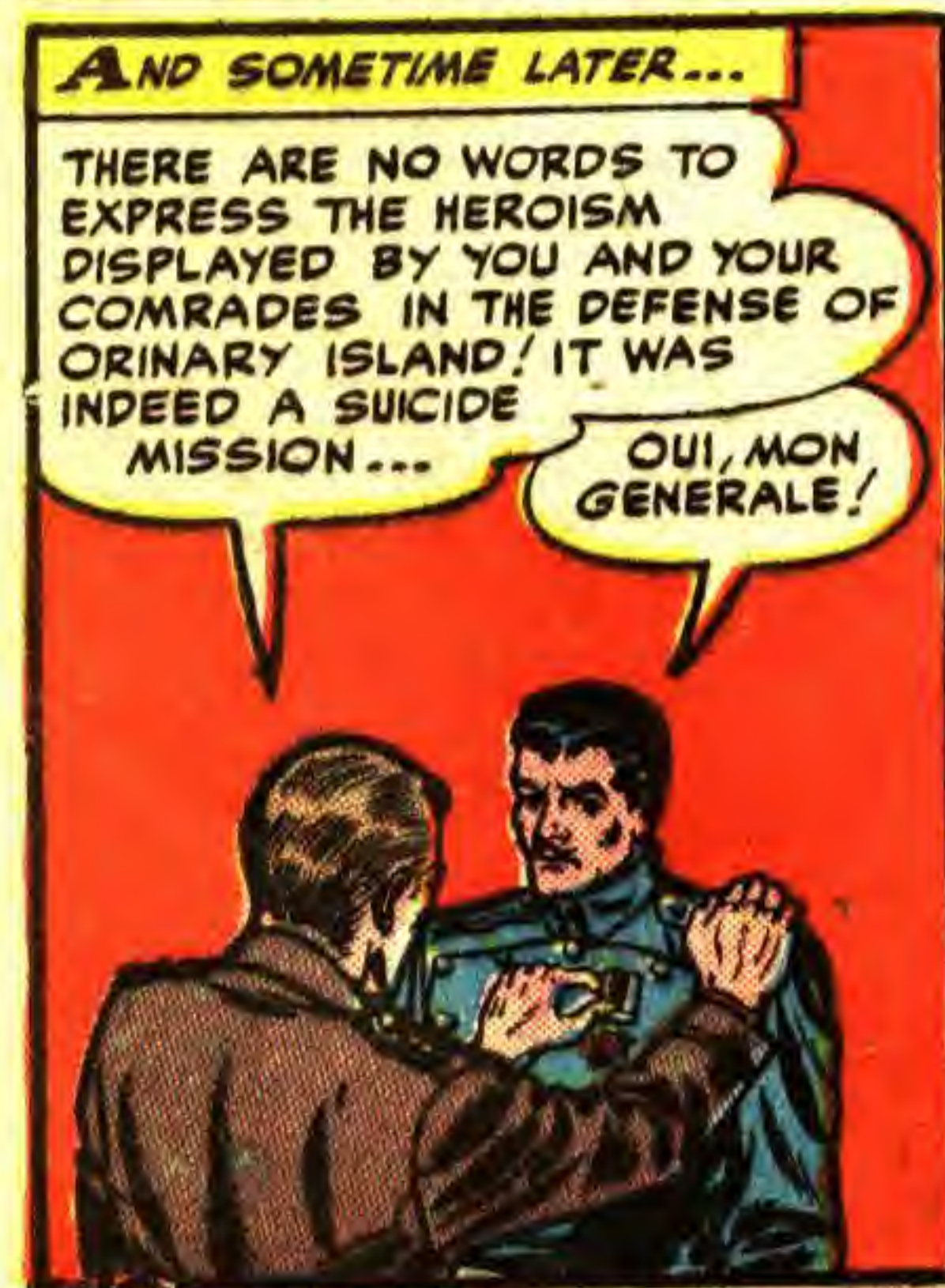
BLAM



# BLACKHAWK



CLOSE BEHIND THE ATTACKING SABRE-JETS, THE ALLIED SOLDIERS POUR ASHORE IN A VICTORIOUS COUNTER-ATTACK! AND BEFORE THE SUN SETS, THE ENEMY TROOPS ARE IN FULL RETREAT FROM ORINARY ISLAND!





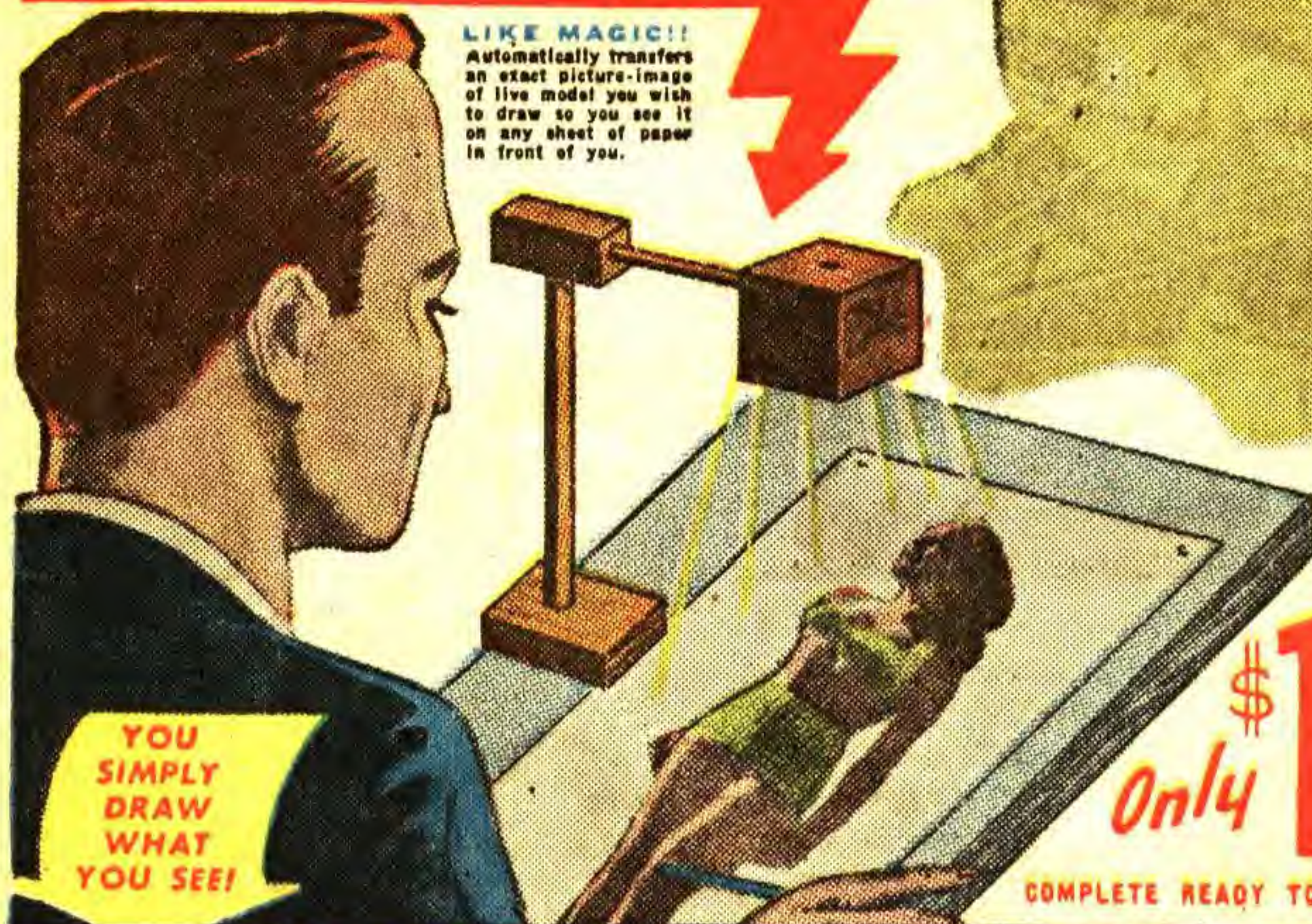
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